

# THE MONTH

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,  
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.  
(*Apoc.* xxii. 2.)

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JANUARY—JUNE  
1940

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THE MONTH

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# THE MONTH

VOL. CLXXV

JANUARY, 1940

No. 907

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### A New Year

**T**HE Christmas greeting of "peace on earth to men of good will" must seem remote to-day when there is war over a large and important portion of the earth, and an abundance of bad faith and evil will. We have to face the present situation with patience, courage and minds unembittered, ready to make the sacrifices demanded of us, and conscious that the main responsibility for war does not lie with this country which, whatever her shortsightedness and the failure to use her opportunities in the past, followed the highway of conciliation as long as she conceivably could. Our duties to community and country take on an additional gravity in times of crisis, and we should never hesitate to fulfil them. But throughout it all one ideal must be kept before our eyes, an ideal that can be quickened by more intense faith and a more devoted prayer as well as by any influence we can bring to bear on the public mind, the ideal of a lasting peace, based upon the principles of right and justice, inspired by a renewed confidence between the peoples savagely harassed by war, and held together through the bond of recognition of God's sovereignty. Elsewhere in this issue it is argued that Britain and France are defending—more emphatically than some, perhaps, of their leaders understand—the traditions and the heritage of Christian Europe. This defence will be incomplete, its very sincerity can be questioned, unless these leaders show themselves determined to secure a peace in keeping with that heritage. In a recent interview with the newly-accredited Minister of an American State, the Holy Father gave eloquent utterance to this ideal: "The world," he insisted, "will not enjoy the peace for which it craves, and the order which is the necessary condition of peace, until the men responsible for the government of peoples and their mutual relationship, utterly renounce the employment of might against right; until, recognizing that any code of behaviour founded upon purely human considerations is inadequate and precarious, they accept the supreme authority of the Creator as the moral basis

of individual and collective action : and until they render to the Heavenly Father the homage of fraternal concord among His children of every country and every tongue. It is only under these conditions that a stable international organization will be realized such as is ardently desired by men of good will, an organization which, because of its respect for the rights of God, can secure the independence of nations both large and small, can lend a permanent value to agreements and guarantees and, in the very efforts made for the common weal, can safeguard the healthy freedom and dignity of the human person."

### **Peace Programmes**

**I**T is, therefore, with particular interest, though not, it must be confessed, without a vein of scepticism, that we have read several letters and programmes which treat of post-War reconstruction. It is the habit of the liberal mind to take refuge from a gloomy present in some rosy future. However much appearances belie it, the old illusion that man is continuously "progressing" will persist. It is the Christian virtue of hope that has taken a side turning : but, in any case, better far to look for a rosy dawn than to be resigned to a further twilight of the spirit. We must be careful, however, not to be deceived by facile solutions, not to surrender to the fascination of words. Englishmen of the Liberal tradition are very ready to propound schemes of reconstruction, couched all too frequently in that woolly English phraseology that makes little or no appeal to the Continental mind, and, indeed, is regarded at times with acute suspicion. Occasionally one single key-word is put forward as the passport to the brave new world. In 1919 this was "self-determination," to-day it is "Federal Union." Both ideas are of great importance and deserve examination, though, in one sense at least, the latter is a confession of the failure of the former. One of the gravest defects of the Peace Treaties was that they did emphasize self-determination at the expense of federation and that, in making no attempt to reconstitute the Habsburg Empire in a looser and federal form, they did "Balkanize" Central and Eastern Europe. Events have since shown, as calmer reflection might have shown then, that only a Danubian federation of some kind, including at least Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, would have been powerful enough to withstand the German movement towards the East

and a possible Russian penetration southwards. Economic considerations were all in favour of it, and the historical tradition was there. Whether further Federal Union, now advocated by some of its partisans for the United States, the British Empire, France and the Scandinavian countries, is practicable or even desirable, is a further question. The suggestion smacks strongly of the paper theorist and ignores real differences of culture, habit and outlook which are surely best harmonized in the mutual will to co-operation between the States concerned, all of them accepting international law. Speaking generally, the relations between these countries are sufficiently good that one might hesitate to risk their disturbance through any far-reaching scheme, however well-intentioned.

### **The Spirit that Matters**

**I**N all these discussions of future plans and panaceas it is important to remind ourselves that what matters is not so much the form they take as the spirit embodied in them. In 1919 it was said, and not unfairly, that much previous discontent was due to the repression of smaller national groups: the solution then was obvious, self-determination at all costs. Now, after a decade of intransigent nationalism, there is a temptation to fly at once to the federal remedy. In his speech on December 5th, Lord Halifax mentioned this opinion that a new order in Europe could come only through the surrender in some measure of sovereign rights in order to prepare the way for some organic union. Men would be courting disaster, he wisely said, if they forgot that no paper plan could endure that did not freely spring from the will of the peoples in question. He might have added that no settlement will be availing unless it be based on the acceptance of law, on a recognition of what is right and just—in a few words, upon the full acknowledgement of those principles of moral behaviour which have their application in international relations and in public life as they have in the conduct of the individual. It is the spirit of international relationship that has been wrong and has shown that it is wrong, in policies of selfishness, aggrandizement and force. Until that spirit be exorcized or soundly chastened, no super-State or Federation or League of Nations will be of much avail: once it has disappeared, to make way for a healthier outlook, there might be little need of them, and we would be well spared their necessarily cum-



brous and creaking machinery. The recent expulsion of Soviet Russia from the League was a tardy admission that no *omnium gatherum* of nations can, by that mere fact, command respect or exercise effective control. Certain prerequisites are essential if there is to be harmonious co-operation between different countries. With Soviet Russia these have never been, are not, and never can be present. The tragedy is that this was not universally recognized before ever Soviet representatives were admitted to the Geneva Council-chamber.

### French Views

THE French attitude towards a post-War settlement tends to be more realistic. At one end there are the outspoken claims of the *Action Française*, for example, or of M. Albert Rivaud in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The latter's proposals include the restoration of Poland with the addition of East Prussia, emptied of its German inhabitants, the neutralization of a belt of German territory from Switzerland to the North Sea under Franco-British control, the division of the Reich into independent States and the re-establishment, on a larger scale, of Austria-Hungary. At the opposite pole is the Socialist plan for a federated Europe in which victors and vanquished will live side by side in perfect equality. Between these extremes various shades of moderate thought can be distinguished. The Guild of Christian Journalists express their hope that the peace settlement will restore the independence of Austria, Bohemia and Poland, establish the material safeguards necessary for peace, and restore moral principles to international relations. They add that France must recover the consciousness of her Christian mission, for it is in this that her true genius resides, where is to be discovered also Europe's truest welfare. Europe will maintain her civilization and secure peace only if she strengthen herself at their source; and that source is Christ's Gospel. A statement of French war aims, drawn up and signed by thirty and more professors (*The Tablet*, December 16th) argues that German unity, artificially imposed by Prussia, is the chief stumbling-block to peace. To oppose this unity is really "to emancipate the best elements of the German people. Goethe's antipathy to Prussia is notorious. Nietzsche never concealed his horror of a Prussianized Germany. For those great spokesmen of the Germanic race, the real Germany was not

the enormous barrack which has swallowed up school and university, the Church and even the family : it was the Germany of the free cities which produced the Meistersinger, the scholars of the Renaissance, the art of Albert Dürer, the Germany of small courts and modest seats of learning where, as at Weimar, the genius of a Goethe could expand and flourish." These writers do not assert categorically that this decentralization can be achieved, but they claim that it would be "the general structure that is natural to Germany."

### **Poland under Germany**

**T**HERE is sufficient evidence to show that the Nazis are attempting to humiliate and break the spirit of the Poles whose territory they have occupied. Like the Czechs, the Poles are to be deemed an inferior, a servant people to be exploited by their self-advertised superiors in culture. Such a people will, in Nazi eyes, no longer require advanced education. Consequently, they have arrested and deported to Germany 160 professors and lecturers of the University of Cracow, together with the teaching staff of the Polish Academy of Mining. They have also dismantled and confiscated the research installation of the Warsaw Institute of Experimental Physics. In the Czech lands, on a similar principle, they have closed the universities and Czech Catholic seminaries. All reports agree that atrocities are numerous, including the murder of hostages and civilians under circumstances of brutality calculated to terrorize the Polish population. From the provinces incorporated in the Reich, especially from Poznan and Pomorze, all Poles are being ruthlessly expelled with practically no provision for transport or accommodation elsewhere : they are to be herded into the central part of their own country which is poor and already overpopulated, while the rich agricultural districts of Western Poland have been stripped of their grain for German consumption. The military are being replaced by Nazi troopers and Gestapo officials with the natural spread of brutal treatment. A memorandum handed by the Polish Ambassador to Lord Halifax on December 2nd stated that individual and collective executions were of daily occurrence, and that "Nazi savagery is writing a new and ominous page in the history of German cruelty." Many restrictions have been placed upon the Church : the use of the German language is compulsory everywhere, many of the clergy have been exiled or interned

(and, according to some reports, executed); Cardinal Hlond, the Primate, is refused admission into the country, the Catholic papers are suppressed. In spite of this, it is the German claim that they have not interfered in any way with the Church. This is the old technique previously employed in Germany and Austria, measures against the Church or against individual priests are said to be taken on political grounds, and are never prompted—at least confessedly—by anti-religious motives. The churches are, for the most part, open, and the Army was reasonably well-behaved as far as religion and ecclesiastical authorities were concerned. The Nazis realize how profoundly the Catholic Faith and practice are rooted in the Polish heart: slowly they will do all they can to stifle these, but they may be forced to adopt other methods than those in use in Austria and the old Reich.

### **Poland under the Soviet**

**I**N the eastern districts occupied by the Soviet, conditions are different. The population is very mixed, composed of White Russians and Ukrainians as well as Poles and Jews. From the religious point of view, there are nearly four million Orthodox, another four million of Uniats or Catholics of an Eastern rite, and five million Latin Catholics, obviously Poles. The attitude of these various groups to the Soviet invasion is worth recalling—as far, that is, as it can be gathered from reliable sources. White Russians were apathetic, many of the Ukrainians bitterly disappointed, since it put an end to their dream of autonomy which they had hoped to achieve, possibly with Nazi assistance: the Poles were apparently resigned, in certain cases relieved, firstly, since their greater hatred and fear was of the Germans, and, in the second place, because they hoped that the Soviet troops would free them from marauding bands that had been pillaging throughout the country-side. All observers note that the Jews took full advantage of the situation, setting up local soviets before the troops arrived, asserting their self-assumed authority, arresting, terrorizing. The Soviet soldiery did not behave badly: the young conscripts spent much of their spare time gazing at the large shops such as they had never witnessed in their proletarian paradise, wondering that these places could really exist and that it was possible to purchase there freely: similar experiences are reported from Latvia and Estonia when the Soviet garrisons marched to their posts.



Measures were at once taken against religion, though the full anti-religious campaign has not yet been inaugurated. All the rights accorded by the Polish Government to the Church were abolished, the Concordat was declared null, the parish priests placed under the local soviets. Some churches were destroyed, the Jesuit church at Pinsk among them; all seminaries have been closed and confiscated, as have the schools conducted by Religious Orders; the Theological Faculty at Lwów was suppressed, the Catholic Press proscribed, and religious instruction forbidden in any school. Full liberty has been given for the spread of anti-religious propaganda. There have been murders, particularly among the aristocracy and gentry. The militant atheists are clamouring for greater severity against the Church and for a thorough-going extirpation of religion. When the army officials are replaced by civil commissars, it is probable that these severer measures will be adopted. Since October 22nd, when the puppet Diets were assembled at Lwów and Bialystok to vote the incorporation of these territories in the Soviet Republics, more repressive methods have been followed in certain areas. In Galicia, for example, many churches have been shut, and elsewhere only the older women are permitted to attend services, while the youth is rigorously excluded. With all our preoccupation with war in the West we must not allow ourselves to forget the suffering inflicted so wantonly and callously upon the Poles. They are indeed suffering for the sake of justice, Faith and civilization.

### **Soviet Hypocrisy and Aggression**

THE world naturally views with appropriate sympathy the anxiety of M. Molotov to free his country from the menace of those ferocious Finns. In a broadcast on November 29th he declared that the Finnish refusal to agree to every Soviet demand revealed "their undisguised desire to keep our glorious Leningrad under military threat." We did not know that one Finn was rated as the military equivalent of more than forty Russians, and it was very gallant of M. Molotov to make this frank admission. The Russian measures have not been taken, continued this master of candour, with a view of violating Finnish independence or annexing Finnish territory. Such an assertion would be no ordinary falsehood but "a perfidious calumny," and MM. Stalin and Molotov, if anyone, should understand what perfidy means. A Finnish

White Book, published on December 11th, shows that the Finnish Government was ready to cede to the Soviet all the islands originally demanded with the one exception of Suursaami, the position of which they were willing further to discuss. They refused, however, to lease the port of Hangö in which the Soviet proposed to establish a garrison of 5,000 men, on the grounds that such a cession would be inconsistent with their neutrality: nor would they consent to sell the port with its adjacent territory when the Soviet request took this second form. The White Book concludes with the declaration that "the statement that Finland maintained an unyielding attitude to the Soviet Union's territorial proposals, or that Finland was under the influence of a third Power, is as unfounded as any statement can be." It is now known that during the negotiations in Moscow between Soviet and Franco-British representatives the Russians insisted that Britain and France should persuade Finland and the Baltic States to put naval bases on Baltic coasts and islands at Russia's disposal. Britain and France declined to do so, Germany was perfectly willing. A small but pertinent fact which those who discount the significance of the Nazi-Soviet Pact on the plea that Britain and France were equally ready to enter into a Soviet agreement—incidentally of quite another kind, and with a far different purpose—would do well to remember.

### David and Goliath

UNFORTUNATELY the Davids of modern warfare do not often repeat the successes of their biblical prototype. Modern science comes down heavily on Goliath's side, and it is the Philistines who now specialize in propaganda. Nevertheless, the whole world is admiring the gallant resistance maintained by the Finns, and acclaims it as the action of a sturdy peasant folk with a keen appreciation of liberty and a high degree of culture. The ridiculous Soviet expedient of setting up a so-called Finnish "People's" Government, composed exclusively of renegades exiled to Russia, was exposed by the closing of all Finnish ranks behind their leaders. It might be asked why it is that Finland has ventured so courageously to oppose Soviet aggression, whereas the other Baltic countries yielded at once to Soviet pressure. We should remember that the Finns have a strong national consciousness which was never destroyed during the nineteenth century

when they were Russian subjects; even then they enjoyed a large degree of autonomy, and it was under Russian domination that they revived their own language. Previously, they had been associated with Sweden since the thirteenth century, had a tradition of an independent peasantry similar to that of the Swedes, and spoke, for the most part, Swedish: a recent census showed that some ten per cent of the population is still Swedish-speaking. With its gulfs and lakes and forests, the country offers good opportunities for defence as can be seen from the fact that the Soviet army is attacking only at three points: in the Arctic circle near the town of Petsamo, across the isthmus between the Gulf of Finland and Lake Ladoga, and in the centre between the head of the Gulf of Bothnia and the Soviet frontier. Up to the present, the Finns have defended themselves ably and courageously, and prior to Christmas were launching a counter-attack with such resolution and success that it is probable that there will be no further Soviet attack until the spring. In the meantime the Russians may return to the method of negotiation at which they have far greater skill than they display in the field; they may find, however, that their unwarranted use of force will have stiffened Finnish resistance to their demands. Meanwhile, ominous attacks on Sweden in the German Press, directed particularly against M. Sandler, awaken the fear lest Nazi-Soviet aggression should soon be directed against that country.

### Italian Echoes

ITALY remains at peace, though we are frequently reminded that non-belligerence is not the same thing as neutrality, and that Italy reserves her entire liberty of decision and action. Popular sympathy is, to a considerable extent, with England, and English visitors to Italy testify to the extreme courtesy and friendliness with which they are everywhere received. Some few papers, like the *Regime Fascista*, are violently anti-British; the better-known *Corriere della Sera* and *Popolo d'Italia* are critical of the Allies, though not markedly pro-German: others, such as the Catholic *Avvenire d'Italia*, are far more friendly: in Rome the *Osservatore Romano* is widely read and appreciated. After the signing of the new Order-in-Council which provided for the blockade of German exports the *Popolo d'Italia* referred to Britain as "the decrepit mistress of the seas": but the flight and subse-

quent scuttling of the "Graf Spee" drew forth a generous recognition that, whatever her other qualities, Britain can scarcely be termed decrepit, and may still lay claim to mastery at sea. Indignation with the Soviet invasion of Finland is very high, and reports from neutral countries speak, first of fifty, and later of eighty Italian 'planes that have been sent to Finland. The Fascist Grand Council, meeting on December 7th, announced that everything which might happen in the Danube basin and the Balkans could not fail to be of direct interest to Italy. A week later, in his speech in the Italian Chamber (December 16th) Count Ciano added a further commentary to this announcement by stating that his country saw no usefulness in the formation of any Danubian or Balkan bloc. This speech had several interesting, and one disquieting feature. While maintaining that the pact with Berlin did no more than put Italo-German relations on the same footing as Anglo-French relations, he explained that Herr von Ribbentrop and himself were in complete harmony as to the existing situation and their future intentions, when views were exchanged in Milan in May. They agreed to resist any hostile attack and concurred in the need of preserving peace in Europe for a long time in order that both countries might perfect their internal reconstruction and complete their military preparation. This period was fixed by Italy at three years, by Germany at four or five. It was not their intention to break the peace at the end of this period, they hoped for European peace "when the vital necessities of Italy and Germany had been justly understood and satisfied." When we consider how the Germans have interpreted their "vital necessities" in the Polish question, this statement remains a disquieting one. Full tribute was rightly paid in the speech to Signor Mussolini's efforts to bring about a pacific solution, and the interesting revelation made that Rome had received only forty-eight hours' notice of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. This means that Italy was not consulted with regard to the Pact, and it is clear that, had she been consulted, she would have thoroughly disapproved. Meanwhile, the open expression of cordial relations between Church and State which has taken the form of a most friendly interchange of visits between the King and the Holy Father, indicates a certain harmony of political outlook between the Vatican and the Italian Government, and is a reminder that the latter is not unaware of the human and Christian issues that are at stake to-day.



## LOOKING FORWARD

**I**T is our happy fortune to begin the New Year so shortly after Christmas with a fresh and renewed awareness of what is meant by Christmas and by Christ. Throughout the year it is, unfortunately, very easy to forget, to be content with a rough and ready faithfulness to beliefs and principles—with no particular enthusiasm, perhaps, and no clear consciousness of personal attachment to our Lord. Life's thousand smaller cares and preoccupations and those wider problems, with which the recent months have been burdened all too heavily, may well have cast across many minds their shadows of discouragement and depression. But Christmas should have done a great deal to alter this. For, though it is primarily a season of festivity, it enjoys also some of the qualities of a retreat. There clings to it the atmosphere of spiritual revival. We are reminded then as at no other time, with the exception of Holy Week and Easter, of the fact of Christ and all that this fact involves: redemption, the raising of the human soul to a life of grace, to that mysterious and rare, but none the less astonishingly real, association through grace with Christ Himself. We have been saved, old disorder is put right, amazing possibilities are opened out before us, our whole being is ennobled and transformed, because of the coming of the Divine Child whose earthly birthday we are commemorating. Old loyalties stir within us, zeal is quickened, ideals make their appeal once more; it seems natural, easy even, to formulate resolutions for a better future, in particular for a New Year to be commenced and, please God, continued in a more Christian spirit. Faith is strengthened, hope raises a drooping wing. We are heartened and consoled. Christ has never, it is true, promised us untroubled days: but to those who serve Him in sincerity and effort, He has guaranteed inward happiness and peace, and a final victory over evil and distress.

Depression, therefore, is no mood for any Christian. Along with faintheartedness, defeatism, pessimism and the like, it should be banished to that limbo of unholy spectres that have no business to be prowling round a Christian world. And yet is it so simple a matter to be rid of them? Is not the

world at the moment thoroughly out of joint? Are we not saddened by the appalling possibilities of war? It may be true that they have not yet developed, but what likelihood is there that they will not soon do so? Is there not also the further frightening thought of that systematized godlessness of the East, ranging along Europe's frontiers like a savage beast and ready to fall upon her as soon as she is exhausted? "How long, O Lord, how long?"—frequently has this very human lament risen to the throne of God, and with it the wonderment, expressed or at least experienced, as to how it is that God can tolerate such widespread evil, so great suffering and cruelty, such monstrous injustice.

True enough, if one looks at the world to-day, there are serious grounds for worry and inquietude. And these feelings will be intensified by the sad realization that Christian forces have not made themselves sufficiently felt, have not exercised a stronger and more compelling influence upon public and international affairs. But this is no justification for depression. The believing Christian remains an optimist; he is convinced that everything will be put right in the end, though he may have to grant that the end is not yet in sight and may still be far away. He remembers that it is part of the mystery of man's free will that through its right use he can rise to planes of heroism and sanctity, but that, once it be abused and violated, he sinks to depths of degradation that are measured only by the power and opportunity he has to encompass evil. There spring to his mind the parable of the talents which can be invested for bad as well as good purposes, and the words of Christ to the impatient husbandmen anxious to root up at once the weeds and tares that were choking and encumbering their wheat, "Suffer them both to remain until the harvest." The same divine long-suffering which, in the case of the individual sinner is welcomed as mercy and goodness and forbearance, must not suddenly be considered callousness or indifference where public calamities are concerned. And, even where a group or several groups of men are notoriously guilty, who will assert that the guilt is theirs and theirs alone? How many other pieces of folly and wickedness may not form part of the mosaic of evil for which they bear the primary responsibility?

In what seemed to them righteous indignation the Apostles asked our Lord to bring down fire from heaven upon a city that had refused to listen to His teaching. His reply was the

simple one that they did not realize of what spirit they were. Doubtless, they were puzzled by this answer, as we may be puzzled, even after nineteen centuries of Christian teaching, by the suffering of the innocent and the apparent triumph of injustice. But out of this puzzlement of ours two valuable lessons can be learnt. The first is that being a Christian is, in the first place, an interior thing: we have to begin with ourselves, with our own individual service of God and following of Christ, the application to ourselves of what God has revealed and enjoined; under divine guidance and assistance we have to safeguard and intensify the life of grace, of spiritual vitality and vigour—through prayer and unselfishness, through sacramental communion, through faithful membership of Christ's Church. God's will must become the law of our existence, Christ's life on earth the pattern of our effort and endeavour. Dante's line in the *Paradiso*, "In la sua volontade è nostra pace" ("In His Will is all our tranquillity"), rounds off this lesson. It demands a complete submission to God's will. Not that such submission is merely passive: on the contrary, it is the prerequisite of a healthy outlook and all activity that is of worth. The second lesson—a source of hope and courage—is that God has not abdicated, never abdicates: Divine Providence is supreme, directs and rules all, and knows how out of evil to bring forth good. Its workings we cannot fathom. God's ways and times are His own. Ours it is to take comfort, and to find strength in this thought, to believe and trust.

No one, looking forward and peering into the mists of 1940, will feel any strong inclination to prophesy. In fact, the stock of the prophet has fallen in these days remarkably low. We are at war, and to those who have vivid memories of 1914 to 1918 it is a very curious kind of war. There are many who feel that the war will be concluded in the spring or summer of this year: quite how and on what terms, they are naturally unable to suggest. Some comfort may be found in the fact that hostilities between Germany and the Allies have not yet developed to any great extent except at sea. Civilian populations have not been bombed, and it is evident that the Germans will long hesitate before doing this, if only from the dread of terrible reprisals. It may, of course, be that the present state of siege is but the prelude to fuller operations in the spring. Much will depend upon the extent to which the Soviet States, when they have put an end to their dishonour-

able and inefficient campaign against the Finns, are willing to co-operate with Germany in some offensive in Asia or the Near East. It is unwise to prophesy, but it is equally unwise to lull oneself into a false slumber, as many Englishmen appear to be doing, and to dream that the Bolsheviks are in reality more unfriendly to the Nazis than to ourselves, and that they constitute a kind of "fifth column" of the Allies in the East. In the long run, this association with the Soviet spells disaster to whatever is decent in Germany, to whatever part of it manages to survive the Nazi regime. But at present it is the Allies that are the detested ones in Soviet Russia, and this not merely because they are dubbed bourgeois, imperialist, capitalist, and the like, but for the reason that they do represent, and are maintaining, much of what remains of Christian civilization and tradition.

Certain Catholic papers in the U.S.A. steadily refuse to see this fact. Those I have in mind were generous in their support of General Franco, whose cause they viewed correctly as that of the defence of civilization and religion. But the present struggle of the Allies against the Nazis they will not consider in the same light. This is, doubtless, due to an intense and, in part, praiseworthy determination that the United States shall remain neutral and outside the conflict. As Father Albert Muller pointed out in an admirable article on the moral problems involved in Belgian neutrality, to which reference was made in the December Comments, you cannot be completely neutral unless you neutralize your thought. For himself and his own country Father Muller repudiates such complete neutrality. To neutralize your thought you must school yourself to think of the belligerents in terms of the proverbial "six of one and half a dozen of the other." You cannot afford to allow either side a moral superiority over the other. Consequently the editorial of a well-known and highly-competent Catholic monthly, though betraying some general sympathy with Britain and France, has tended to interpret the war in terms of "land-grabbing" or a tenacious defence of land, previously grabbed, and of the preservation at all costs of the Versailles *status quo*. Now, no one will pretend that the idea of self-defence does not enter into British and French motives. A Nazi Germany leaping from armed strength to armed strength would very probably, if not certainly, constitute a serious menace to their two countries. But granted that such a motive does exist, it is by no means the principal one: be-



sides, as far as it goes, it is no unworthy motive, since the plea of reasonable self-defence, when it is genuine and not invoked to cloak aggression, is recognized in Christian thinking as a just title for recourse to arms.

The expression "land-grabbing" is an unfortunate one, and may be employed to confuse the present issue. It is easy for a neutral to take a glance at the map, note the extent of the British and French territories, and exclaim: "These two countries are surely the 'Haves' while others, such as Italy and Germany, are the 'Have-nots.' Would it not be better, and fairer, for the former to make over some of their colonial possessions to the latter? Then, perhaps, we should hear no more of European wars." The first part of this argument is not without its cogency—even if it could be applied equally in the case of South America, now closed to European Powers under the Monroe guarantees—and, were an atmosphere of confidence and security to be restored, might well be entertained and examined by the British people and their Government: in fact, that Government has already expressed its willingness to allow freer access to the raw materials under its control, once the requisite atmosphere is there. Any programme of the kind was impossible of realization during the past few years when peace was another name for armed truce. At the moment, could any Christian seriously consider the transference of a colonial or mandated territory with its population to Nazi or, even worse, to Soviet administration?

The present war has little or nothing to do with possessions overseas. The Nazis have made no further claim than that of the return of their pre-1914 colonies—a matter which might have been adjusted without too great difficulty. Had Britain's main concern been to remain undisturbed and secure in her possessions, she could have concluded the alliance or agreement with Germany for which Herr Hitler has continuously angled, and left Poland to his tender mercies, as he hoped to the last that she would do. On the "land-grabbing" hypothesis this is how she should have behaved: that she acted otherwise demands, surely, another line of explanation.

Nor is there much significance in the assertion that the aim of Britain and France is to maintain the *status quo* as it was established at Versailles, for the simple reason that this *status quo*, as far as Germany is in question, no longer exists. It has been the recent fashion, here and elsewhere, to denounce the Peace Treaties of 1919 and 1920 as shortsighted and un-

just. Possibly it is no valid argument to retort that any peace settlement imposed by a victorious Germany would have been far more severe and, correspondingly, more unjust. Mistakes were made at Versailles, it is true, but considerable wrongs were righted, among them, and probably the chief of them, the liberation of Poland from more than a century of foreign servitude. The gulf between ideals proclaimed and practical solutions adopted was very noticeable: the solution was admittedly a patchwork affair, a compromise which, it was hoped, would gradually be adjusted to changing needs through the instrumentality of the League of Nations. Many of the more repressive clauses were ameliorated in practice or applied half-heartedly. French and English opinion differed. Professor E. H. Carr, in a valuable summary, recently published, of British Foreign Policy since 1920, points to the existence of two schools of thought in England with regard to Germany. One advocated a policy of firmness, the other an attitude of conciliation and concession: public sentiment hovered inconsistently between the two. "It was, perhaps," he judges, "the main cause of the chronic indecision and consequent bankruptcy of British policy in Central Europe after 1919 that neither view rallied sufficient support to prevail for any length of time over the other." This verdict is by no means favourable, but it cannot be reconciled with the notion of a Britain relentlessly enforcing and clinging to the *status quo* elaborated at Versailles, still less with her supposed desire to maintain it after it has, for all practical purposes, ceased to be. It would not have been difficult for Britain and France to stop the remilitarization of the Rhineland, and it is known that Herr Hitler had given orders for retirement had such opposition been shown. They did not show it, as they did not oppose the annexation of Austria, and even agreed to the cession of the Sudetenland, much as they disliked the methods and the technique employed. For, in spite of that technique, there was a reasonable German case. The turning point came in March, 1939, with the further occupation of the Czech portions of Bohemia and Moravia. These had not been taken from pre-War Germany by the treaties since they were part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; the people attacked were not German, and the attack was delivered in defiance of guarantees given to Britain and France themselves.

After Czechoslovakia came Poland. The real issue in this

war which Britain and France have been very reluctantly compelled to fight, can be stated simply. It is, whether international dealings are to have a basis of law and right and agreement in which promises and guarantees are binding, or are to be reduced to a grander and glorified version of the burglar's "smash and grab." Is force to be the sole arbiter, force employed by a Power whose own plighted word has not the slightest value, whose guarantees and agreements, however publicly given or concluded, are thrown aside whenever it may appear convenient? Peace and international order are impossible without a system of law which shall be respected, without some degree of confidence that you may rely upon the solemn professions of the Power with which you have to deal. Once truth is replaced by a technique of lies and trickery, and honour degraded to brutal self-assertion which sees its glory in the arrogant oppression of weaker peoples—and this with an effrontery and a cynicism that has no excuse to plead and knows no limits—then civilization has indeed gone. It is the outward aspect of a State that has drawn the last consequences of its totalitarianism. If liberty be proscribed at home, there will be little concern for its preservation in others; where minorities, racial or religious, are persecuted, there will be scant hope of tolerance for the culture, aspirations and well-being of neighbouring folk. And yet European order demands such tolerance, and clamours aloud that this callous and wicked aggression be checked. It is in this sense that Britain and France are defending fundamental values that are assuredly part of the Christian heritage.

The same clash between a sense of law and sheer force is evident in the very conduct of the war. Military and naval operations are subject to certain restrictions to which the countries concerned have willingly subscribed. Germany, with the other Powers, has guaranteed that merchant ships will not be torpedoed without warning and unless due provision can be made for the safety of the crews, that mined areas shall be declared and no floating mines be laid, that direct attacks will not be made upon civilians. Here again her bond has been honoured by its contemptuous disregard. To be fair, we must admit that there have been cases of decent, even chivalrous, behaviour on the part of U-boat and German raider commanders, but there have been far more instances of the reverse. And yet these same U-boat crews, when captured, are treated with the full consideration which

it has been agreed to accord to prisoners of war. An illuminating pointer to this contrast may be seen in the latest Bremen incident. As that vessel scurried from Murmansk to Bremerhaven, a British submarine was in a position from which it could have torpedoed it without warning: it refrained from doing so, out of respect for its fine naval traditions, and because it would not show itself false to its ideal of law.

At the same time Britain and France are championing the smaller nations whose freedom is jeopardized by this encroaching Nazi spirit. It may, of course, be urged that they have not always shown themselves so solicitous of smaller peoples' rights. This is partly true: the case of Ireland will be quoted, and correctly quoted, as a long-standing reproach to English justice, though tardy reparation has been made, if not yet in its fullest form. But it remains significant that a country like Belgium, placed between Germany on one side and France and Britain on two others, feels herself to be menaced definitely by the one, and has not the slightest anxiety concerning either of the other two. Further, it is clear that one of the reasons why the Soviet talks with British and French emissaries reached no conclusion was that the latter could not agree that the Soviet should have a free hand in the Baltic States, a free hand that was at once allowed them by Berlin.

"The declaration of war," wrote M. Maritain in an article for American readers, first published in the *Commonweal* and later reproduced in *The Tablet*, "was not simply an action that had become politically necessary. It was also an admirable evidence of the strength of soul and of the moral greatness of these two countries. The world then saw that all the concessions which had previously been made for the sake of peace, did not arise from the fear of war but from the horror of war: the world saw that, when the day came, the democracies which are so much scorned by the totalitarian despots, were willing to risk everything in order to remain faithful to the reason for their existence; the world saw that in order to obey, as free men, something divine of which many of them did not know the right name, but for which all preserved in themselves a living instinct, the men of France and England, of those two ancient Christian lands, risked in the perils of a hellish war their lives and their dearest goods and the incomparable heritage of civilization of which they are the guardians. The action I speak of here, is the action not only of



Governments; it is the action of the peoples themselves. Those who have seen how the people of France accepted the war without any hatred, without any passionate excitement, with calm courage and a silent resolution to serve their country to the very end, and with an heroic dedication of self, so that men may lead on this earth a human life, know that before God Europe is already saved. Civilization does not die unless it betrays itself. As long as it is capable of actions such as this one, it can suffer the most enormous losses; it is sure that it will not perish. However terrible may be the ordeal, it will not be a tragedy but a sacrifice. And the end of a tragedy is death; but the end of a sacrifice is salvation and resurrection."

M. Maritain reminds us that the third force which has now taken a firm stand against both Nazi-ism and Communism is "that very force which created Europe and which has its purest sources in the Gospel, and which, while it requires to purify and renew itself in a radical way, nevertheless, appears manifest as the vital principle of that same civilization." Ought we, therefore, to speak of a crusade? For myself, I prefer to avoid the word if only for the reason that this motive of Christian defence is implicit rather than avowed, and has other motives associated with it, liberal, humanitarian, and even selfish. But men are frequently more Christian in their behaviour than they are aware of: family devotedness, the spirit of fair play, consideration for the suffering and infirm, courtesy, unselfishness, all these qualities, though they be interpreted in the faint and washed-out tones of humanitarianism, are, in reality, suffused with a rich and lasting Christian colouring. Christian virtues are still running riot throughout the world in spite of their divorce from the Church which is their true home and origin, and though the individuals whose outlook they so largely inform, are blissfully oblivious of that true source. Fundamentally Christian, too, is that sense of law which, for all its imperfections, is the only safeguard of rights, the one guarantee that obligations will be respected and fulfilled: it is a recognition, however incomplete, of what men enjoy in common and what is due from man to man and from one people to another: it is a basis of that relative security that is absolutely necessary if any civilization, that is worth the having, is to endure.

In one of the novels of Dostoevsky appears a character from the underworld who calls upon men to abandon the rule

of reason and law, and to live according to their own free will. Many of his novels, in fact, deal with the psychological tragedy of the man who jettisons religion, degrades truth to be the servant of his interests, and tempers morality to his ambitions and lusts, in order to follow this arbitrary way. He would emancipate himself from every Christian principle and constraint and become, as he imagines, completely free—only to discover that he has made himself the slave of some nameless force that masters and possesses him and drives him onwards through the swamp of sin and crime to ultimate destruction. What is true of an individual, may apply equally to a people, whose morals are subordinated to politics, where the State is constituted as the one and only end of aspiration and all effort, and where that people is whipped along under the lash of a frenzied will to power. For power, like passion, can whirl and harry a people to ruin unless it be checked, as passion must be checked, by reason, by order and by law. This demonic will to power that can control the resources of modern science and through its propaganda, essentially divorced from truth, can sway and dominate the minds of a whole people, is a terrible thing, is a violent revolt against reason, is anti-Christian through and through, even when it pays a smattering of lip-service to religion: it is the modern rebellion against God.

Finally, what are we to think of the *rapprochement* between Germany and the Soviet? Is it to be regarded as the marriage of true soul-mates or a temporary partnership in villainy? Are revolution and what loudly proclaimed itself to be counter-revolution now proved to be one in spirit, as they have long been similar in their internal methods? In recent years, especially during the Abyssinian and Spanish wars, many Englishmen and Frenchmen were tempted to sympathize with Communism out of hatred for what they termed—far too loosely—"Fascism," while others saw in "Fascism," and correctly so in its Latin variants, a powerful bulwark against Bolshevik encroachment. Frequently, the choice was of what seemed the lesser of two evils: the choosers felt that they were on the proverbial horns of a dilemma. M. Maritain, in the article already mentioned, insists that Nazi-ism, at least, and Communism were never the horns of any dilemma but simply twin horns of the same devil, two manifestations of the one revolution.

Leaving aside the problem of this identification, are we

obliged to act at once against Communism as we have acted against Nazi-ism? In ourselves and as far as any sympathies are in question, most decidedly so. With the remnants of Communist activity in this country? The French, always more realistic than ourselves, have already acted: the formerly influential Communist Party of France is proscribed, its papers suppressed. Would we do well to act on similar lines, abolish its insignificant counterpart in England and cleanse the streets from the posters of its miserable paper? One source of weakness in English life and foreign policy of recent years has been the strange fascination of the colour red for Liberal and Labour minds. Even now our Left-wing Press refuses to see Bolshevism for what it really is. The disgraceful invasion of Finland is commented upon with sadness as "a temporary aberration": Stalin, we read elsewhere, can no longer be considered as "a pioneer of human freedom." "Soviet Russia's aggression against Finland has shocked the world"—as if the writer of the article in question had just awakened out of a heavy Rip van Winkle sleep, and had never heard a single rumour of the Soviet's attack on Poland in 1920, of the revolution fomented by its agents in Spain, and of its latest seizure of nearly half of Polish territory. But here, also, some shadow of excuse has to be discovered. Stalin's action is indeed reprehended, but reprehended as inconsistent with Bolshevik orthodoxy; it is imperialist, "Fascist" even, in accordance with "the principles of Peter the Great rather than the principles of Lenin." The truth is that Bolshevism has been aggressive from the start, aggressive with crafty, insidious, underhand methods all its own: now that opportunity has been afforded it, it has come into the open, the same hateful phenomenon that it ever was. Like some monstrous octopus, its tentacles spread clammy across the world, it has spewed ceaseless poison, confusing minds and sapping energy in those lands upon which there falls to-day the mighty burden of defending and maintaining the healthy, decent, human and Christian things. Practical considerations may well decide whether we shall be called upon during the war to face Soviet Russia as well as Germany. But one thing is certain. There can be no abiding peace and no security, no new and stable order can be established as long as Bolshevism squats triumphant over a sixth of the world, a permanent danger to the rest of mankind.

But, for all that, the immediate issue remains not a

Bolshevik but a Nazi one. It is Nazi aggression that has challenged law and order in Europe and summoned the Allies to the defence of that law. In the long run it may be Germany's greatest dishonour and crime that she has brought Bolshevism nearer to the heart of Europe, that she connived at Soviet penetration into the Baltic States and encouraged its invasion of Eastern Poland. And what will stand to her abiding dishonour may prove to be her own greatest misfortune. But, at present, hers is the greater guilt.

"Peace on earth . . ."—how strangely echoes the angelic Christmas song over a world at war! ". . . to men of good will." May that good will be ours which shall in its time bring peace, a peace of justice, of harmony and co-operation, blessed by God! And may that same good will hearten our courage and inspire our hope until this peace be secured!

JOHN MURRAY.

### **"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME**

It has been our custom to publish, generally at the end or the beginning of the year, an article with selections from the letters of missionaries expressing their great appreciation of *THE MONTH* sent to them through the kindness of Forwarders. Forwarders are those who have either given a direct subscription that the copy might be sent at once to the missionary from the Manresa Press or those who have undertaken to forward their own copy after they have read it.

War conditions have made the position of foreign missionaries even more arduous and difficult: more than ever will they appreciate your kindness in providing them with this Catholic literature. In their name and in our own, may we appeal to all those who have subscribed or forwarded in the past, to continue this excellent work of charity in the future.

In accordance with war-time postal regulations, individuals may still send on *THE MONTH* to missionaries working in the British Empire or in French territory or in the United States. To neutral countries (China and Japan are those which chiefly concern us) a copy may be sent directly from the Manresa Press, Roehampton, but may not be sent by an individual.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals.*



## ONE DAY

(1713)

**D**OROTHY gave a final look into the mirror and was not too dissatisfied. How lucky that the blue brocade dress had never been worn since that day a year ago when she had been presented at the Court of St. James. It had been a bleak, dreary year, for her mother, Lady Twisden, had rarely left her room since Dick, the only son, had been killed. Dorothy had missed him terribly, for they had been friends as well as brother and sister, and with him all colour and excitement seemed to have gone out of life, till a few days ago had come a letter from Paris from Lady Twisden's nephew asking if he might visit them on his way to London.

How strange to think that her mother's sister should have married a French nobleman, thought the girl as she went downstairs, and how thrilling to have a cousin who sounded so dashing and romantic, Henri, Comte de Régnier.

The party was already in the dining-room—Lady Twisden, frail as a grey moth in cobwebby lace and silk, Sir Simon straddling before the fire, his mulberry coat matching his cheeks, and a tall, dark young man who bowed silently as his host introduced him to the daughter of the house.

Dorothy studied her cousin while her father carved the sirloin and consumed quantities of Burgundy, and her mother asked endless questions about the sister who had died two years ago. Dreams of a gay and fascinating adventurer faded. Henri was plainly dressed, all in black. Was he still in mourning for his mother? He was not even good-looking, serious, with a grave, measured way of talking in a quiet voice, with attractive French inflections.

She was woken from dreams of the past by Sir Simon roaring.

"Zounds, man, pamper servants and you become their slave. Is your young French valet too grand to sit down in my kitchen to good English beef and beer?"

His wife's voice sounded, cold and clear.

"It would be most uncomfortable, Simon, for a man who presumably neither speaks nor understands English to feed with our men and maids."

"Besides, Father, he is not young but quite old," cried Dorothy.

"And pray how do *you* know, Miss?" asked Sir Simon.

"I saw you both ride . . . up the drive."

A swift glance from Henri had checked her and made her change the sentence. She had seen them coming along the Pilgrims' Way, but *from*, not *towards*, London. Was there a mystery after all?

"You permit then, *ma tante*, that Jacques may have some supper sent up to my room? A thousand thanks."

Dorothy hunched herself dejectedly on the wide window-sill in her room, and her mongrel terrier, Sim, jumped on to her knee unrebuked, though she still wore the blue brocade. Her mother had gone to bed. Her father would keep the guest at table till he himself stumbled to bed. How disappointing life was, yet when Dick had been alive, there had always been some new excitement and adventure, and that inexplicable feeling they shared that, just round the corner, lurked something more enthralling still, if one could only catch more than a swift glimpse of its shining wings.

Outside, the full harvest moon cast long shadows from the stooks in the stubble field and the clipped yews in the garden. Yet, golden as was its own light, by some alchemy it turned the gold of corn ears and copper of stubble to silver and pewter.

Suddenly the girl jumped to her feet, much to Sim's disgust, ran to the fireplace and pressed a horn of the hunted stag carved in the panelling. A low, narrow door opened into a tiny, windowless room with a trap-door in the floor, and wriggling through it, she crept across the dusty floor and put one eye to a spy hole in the panelling of the guest-room.

Henri, who faced her, was speaking so fast in French that she could not follow. She could only see the servant's back, shoulders round under a shabby green coat, grey head bent.

"*Bien, Monsieur le Comte, je comprends et j'obéis*," muttered a querulous old voice, then, suddenly, with a gay laugh, the man tore off coat and wig and stood upright, six feet of slim, young grace.

"We need not play the comedy now, *mon cher*, since the door is locked and we are alone. You are so serious I feel like dancing."

"One cannot be too careful," said Henri gravely, "even

walls may have eyes and ears. One is never safe from spies."

Dorothy felt herself flush scarlet as she stole away. Spy, that was all she was. A few minutes ago she had come in a mood of childish curiosity and now she was ashamed. Yet, as she fell asleep she wished she had seen "Jacques's" face. Was it as fascinating as his voice and laugh?

Sir Simon rode off early next morning to Maidstone market, whence he usually returned boisterously maudlin, late in the evening. Dorothy was playing with Sim on the terrace when Henri joined her.

"Your father and mother are permitting us to stay till to-morrow."

"I am so glad, Cousin Henri. You see, nothing ever happens now."

By the time they had reached the centre of the yew hedge maze, where a few late roses still bloomed round the sundial, the girl was surprised to find that she had confided to this quiet, reserved cousin all her loneliness, all that desire for adventure and the unknown which she had shared with no one since her brother's death.

Suddenly she remembered the incident of last night.

"I must make a confession to you," she said, getting very red.

"What can you have to confess?" he smiled.

"I must tell you a secret I have never told anyone, which only Dick and I knew. There is a hidden room between mine and yours."

"A priest's hole, probably."

"It has a staircase and passage out to the thicket on the way to the farm. We used to play at hunted priests, but neither would be the pursuivant."

"Why was that?"

"Because we felt the priests had something which mattered terribly. It must be something very important if you are willing to die for it."

"You know there are still men ready to die for a Cause?"

"You mean the Stuart Cause?"

"That, and something bigger still."

"You know the Chevalier? Tell me about him. Is he as fascinating as they say?"

"More, but he has qualities greater than fascination, a

nobility which is ready to sacrifice self-interest for what he knows is right."

He broke the silence, smiling at her.

"And that so terrible confession of yours, little cousin?"

Confused, she stammered how she had played the spy, then looked up to see him very grave.

"Forgive me, Cousin Henri. I meant no harm. I shall tell no one, any more than I told them you were on your way from London, not to it. I saw in your face I was to say nothing."

"I will trust you, child. We shall be leaving to-morrow, perhaps to-night."

He went, leaving her proud, yet with a blank feeling. When he was gone, what would be left?

An hour or two later, coming back from the kitchen garden with a basket of raspberries, she heard the stamp of feet and ring of steel by the sundial, where no one but she ever went. Terrified, she flew under the yew arch. Grey wig and green coat lay on the seat. Henri and "Jacques" stood, foils in hand. Henri tried to step between the girl and his companion. It was too late. The other came forward, and Dorothy saw the long, slanting, hazel eyes, smooth olive skin and full red lips.

"Mademoiselle, we can trust you with our secret?" he smiled.

"She is only a child," urged Henri, "and should not be involved in such dangerous matters."

"A child yesterday, a woman to-day," said Dorothy, with head proudly up, then she knelt and raised the slim white hand to her lips, "I am ready to serve you, Sire, even if it cost me my life."

There was a sudden trampling of heavy boots, jingle of spurs and another male voice answering Sir Simon. Dorothy, white though she had grown, beckoned the two to follow her and spoke in a clear voice as she and Henri emerged from the shelter of the hedge.

"Henri, may your servant take these raspberries to the kitchen? Or the tart will not be baked in time for dinner."

A dragoon officer was with Sir Simon, who introduced his daughter and his wife's nephew. Captain Brassiter whipped round with a swiftness surprising in one so burly and snapped



a question as he looked after the green-coated figure shambling towards the kitchen.

"That is my servant," drawled Henri, "on an errand for my cousin, as you may have heard."

"Run in, my dear," puffed Sir Simon. "Tell cook that Captain Brassiter dines with us, and his men in the kitchen."

Dorothy went, not daring even to look at Henri, whom she did not meet again till she and the three men were at dinner. Burgundy and cognac had loosened the dragoon's tongue by the time the raspberry tart was on the table.

"No doubt, Monsieur le Comte, you heard the latest gossip in town."

"Tell us," cried Dorothy, "or I shall die of curiosity."

"Anything to avert such a disaster," bowed the captain with an ogle. "The Pretender has been in London and had an interview with the Queen."

He went on, ignoring his host's roars of indignation.

"They say, and gad, I believe it's true, that Her Majesty, believing she'll not last long, offered him the crown after her, on one condition."

"The woman must be mad. Does she think we'd stomach a king no better than a Frenchman and a Papist to boot?"

Sir Simon suddenly remembered that Henri was certainly a Frenchman and presumably a Papist, so spluttering buried his red face in his tankard.

"You need not fear. The young fool refused the condition."

"What was it?" asked Dorothy.

"A nothing, a bagatelle. Merely that he should renounce papistry and join the State Church. Can anyone imagine a man being such a fool as to throw away a crown and three kingdoms for a fancy?"

"I cannot imagine your understanding how a man should prefer conscience to worldly goods," smiled Dorothy sweetly, "I must go and see my mother. No doubt we shall meet again later, Captain Brassiter."

As Henri opened the door for her she whispered: "In your room."

Before the door was shut behind her she heard the soldier's answer to a question of her father's.

"The Tower. Her Majesty is too soft to send her half-brother to the block, but I assure you the Tower can be vastly unhealthy for prisoners."

Half an hour later she crept into the priest's hole, her ears still full of her mother's moan of the longness of to-day, when nothing had happened to relieve the monotony! She looked through the spy-hole, ready to call, but to her amazement saw the King kneeling by Henri. She could not hear what Henri said. It was not English, nor did it sound to her like French. Then, as the King stood up, she tapped and he whirled round, sword drawn.

"It is only Dorothy. Come close so that I can whisper. Somehow it is known that you are both here. There are sentries round the house, one at the top of the stairs. You must both get into my room, down the secret stairs. Out in the thicket turn left and hide in the big barn."

"If we can reach it," murmured Henri.

"I have a sword, *mon ami*. We have played for high stakes and lost. The fortune of war. Perhaps the gods love me and I'll not be taken alive."

"Your life is not your own."

"Waste no more time talking," cried Dorothy, "or it will be too late."

"If the farmer finds us in the hay?"

"He is my foster-brother. I will get him to take you under a load of hay to his boat in the creek by Sheppey."

"A smuggler? *Tant mieux*. I fear you, too, are a law-breaker at heart, Mademoiselle."

"Since this morning, Sire. You must make a rush while I distract the sentry outside, and shut the door of the priest's hole behind you."

A moment later she came out of her own room, gave a loud scream at sight of the sentry and, falling in a pretended faint, tripped and sent him tumbling downstairs. There was a rush of feet as the two fugitives burst out of their room, into hers and bolted the door, more confusion as Captain Brassiter and his men clattered upstairs, Sir Simon puffing after them, fussing over his daughter, then forgetting her as the door of her room was burst open. The room was empty. A shred of lace lay on the hearth.

"Up the chimney," shouted the dragoon, "we'll soon smoke the vermin out."

In the bustle Dorothy slipped down the back stairs, out to the blackthorn thicket, heart hammering with terror lest the two had not got away. In the dust was scrawled a rude heart,

between "J" and "D." She rubbed it out and stood leaning against a tree. All was well. The smoke was bellying from the chimney of her room and she gave a little laugh. The two were well away and, as soon as she had run to the farm and given her orders, would soon be drawing out of the sandy creek on the ebbing tide, bound for France. Her games with Dick had not been time wasted. But for them she would not have been able to plan so swiftly.

She started to run up the path, a black wave of loneliness submerging her. She would never see the King or Henri again, and from Henri she had learnt that there was something greater than personal love, a Cause which might need the sacrifice of home, happiness, life itself, the Stuart cause and that greater one of which Henri had spoken, of which the King himself was only an instrument.

The thought which flashed through her mind was interrupted by a crashing behind her and Captain Brassiter burst out of the entrance to the secret passage, followed by his men. He seized the girl's arm roughly.

"Which way have they gone?"

A shout from a man on the hill made him turn and he and the red-coats streamed off up the stubble-field in hot pursuit. A sturdy figure emerged from the garlands of hops in the next field and Dorothy clung to him as a shot rang out, followed by two more, then, in quick breathless sentences she gave her foster-brother orders and set him off towards the farm at a trot.

She followed him. Silence reigned again and the fields were deserted. The hunt was up. Would she find the fugitives waiting in the barn? What had happened? Sim, who had manfully done his best to defend his mistress by attacking the dragoon's top-boots, now suddenly left her side as they reached the end of the stubble-field and rushed barking at one of the stooks. She followed and there, under the leaning sheaves, Henri was crouched, half hidden. She fell on her knees beside him and tried to wipe away the blood trickling from his mouth. His shirt was soaked with blood too but she felt his heart fluttering. He opened his eyes and spoke in a choked whisper.

"I drew them off and doubled back. Get him away or it will be too late."

"He'll not go without you."

"Tell him all is well with me."

"I'll not tell such a lie."

He smiled suddenly at her.

"Not a lie, my child, but the truth. Tell him I put him under obedience to go."

"I can't leave you."

"Come back, but for God's sake go now."

A fresh rush of blood came as she pulled down the straw and ran, choking with sobs, to the barn. It seemed empty, full of dust gilded by the western sunshine. At sound of her voice the King jumped up, his hair full of hayseeds, then his laughter died quickly at sight of her face.

"Henri?" he cried, catching her wrist where the red-coat had crushed it.

"He sent word you were to go without him, that all was well with him. The cart is here, you hide under the hay, and by this evening you will be on the sea."

"Then why are you crying? Henri's taken. I'll not go alone."

His face was sullen, the full underlip jutting with all the Stuart obstinacy.

"He said I was to say he put you under obedience to go."

He dropped her wrist, saw the bruises, shot a question.

"Nothing, nothing, for God's sake, Sire, go," she cried, echoing her cousin's words to herself.

"*Mon Dieu*, if all women were like you I'd be something more than the King over the Water," he muttered, and stooping, kissed the bruises on her wrists.

The hay-cart rumbled off unchallenged, for the enemy were in the far wood and Dorothy flew back to the stubble-field. Henri was incapable of speech, but his eyes questioned her as she knelt beside him.

"He is safe away, but it was hard to get him to go. He should be on board and have sailed by night. But you, you've given your life for him."

She took his cold hand and bent over it in a flood of tears. It was gently drawn away, fumbled inside his coat, and put into her fingers a string of brown beads, broken and all sticky with blood. His right hand fluttered in the air, then fell back, as a last rush of blood drowned the whispered words: "Benedictio Dei omnipotentis . . ."

MARGARET YEO.



## SOME MUDDLED MENTORS

SOMEWHERE I once read a delightful impulsive remark by an experienced observer of events: "All the intellectuals, all the experts, said one thing; all the fools so-called—the folk with only instinct and common sense—said another. And by heavens, sir, the fools were right!" This discouraging phenomenon—discouraging to the modern oracles—is repeatedly happening. A brow six inches high, the absence of "prejudices" like patriotism, affection, humility, and religious doctrine, are no guarantee against being mistaken. There is an irony lurking in the world to deride the intelligentsia from time to time; and, to make it worse, the discomfiture is conspicuously on their touchy point—intelligence.

Some current examples are especially illuminating. They form a pretty appendix to Mr. Lunn's "Flight from Reason," a book which could be annually brought up to date; only that it would immobilize Mr. Lunn's other activities. That sort of flight, like the aeronautical, has developed new stunts since the last War. It is only the other day, though now it seems a lifetime ago, that a school of sophists and subjectivists were washing out all psychological outlines by denying pleasure or pain—there were only "pleasure-pains"; and the behaviourists were pulling wool over many simple eyes by denying, for example, that a jocular feeling causes a smile—it is the widened, grinning face that produces the inward mirth; it is tear-shedding that brings about the shadowy epiphenomenon vulgarly called grief, not grief or emotion that results in a secretion in the tear-ducts. (This amusing marionette-philosophy was taken off, a century ago, by Charles Lamb, in a caricature of an odd fellow whose naïve literal mind took the Fall of Man for a bodily stumble, repentance for getting on his feet, forgiveness for medicine—*et cetera*.)

Temporarily, the war has changed the counters in the game; but the jolly game goes on. Some of us have been reading with interest the elementary dialectics of young men before conscientious objector tribunals; certain lucubrations about "our" war-aims; Mr. Bernard Shaw's breezy insults

to thoughtful correspondents in a picture paper, who patiently tried to attach his balloon-mind to a few facts; simple patriotic souls doing Communist propaganda unconsciously by representing this mainly idealist (and anyway unavoidable) war as a stunt of Money, Jews, and the 'Idden 'And; and Mr. Wells's toxically depressing and subversive "Fate of Homo Sapiens," which recalled to me Conrad's phrase concerning a philosophic nihilist, "owlish and gullible pessimism."

Let us take them in their order; but first point out that some of these aberrations are mild compared with the frenzies of "wishful thinking" and lawless subjectivism which emanate occasionally from parts of Russia and Germany. At the head of the latter (for the present) is one who calls himself a "sleep-walker" pushed from behind, "on a tidal wave of Germanism," a creature of Destiny, who "does not know where he is going," but all the same is in a state of Becoming. Our forms of unreason, which are many, and not without danger (what self-deception is ever safe?), must take a back seat after that emotional "dynamism" without rules and reasoned goal or the slightest interest in other entities and their natural rights. But that victim of hallucination and self-hypnotism is only a typical product of a time which has half lost contact with moral and reasonable standards—a product exaggerated, indeed, but its final phase and sickness. The latest great Encyclical sees the symptoms, less aggravated, in other quarters and before our time. These quarters, however, admit self-criticism and self-distrust, and maintain touch with traditional Western culture and the rationale of natural and revealed religion on which it rests.

At the tribunal above alluded to, one young man touchingly objected to military service on grounds of conscience. Now very, very few people, without special teaching, know what conscience is. They confuse it with physical feelings! Or they identify it with some dialectics heard last week at a debating society. Thus, one young appellant was astounded when sweetly reminded by the paternal chairman that as a railway worker he was already helping on the war in some degree, and said: "I never thought of that before!" Like several others, he withdrew his objection. Others have not that grace. One, working in a Whitehall Department directly concerned with war operations, claimed that he, for his part, was not assisting towards victory. (What does his Department say to that?) What ignoble niche can such types get

in any history, in any philosophy of life, in any record—poetic or other—such as “War and Peace,” or “The Dynasts”?

And then the first spate of “war-aims” chats which we have been favoured with. Wonderful, some of them, in their inconsequence. There is a rush to repeat—without examination—the easy formula that there is only one guilty man (or perhaps a clique) and the rest of a people, a system, and a *Weltanschauung* are innocent. But easy formulas *may* make for a painfully hard future, for us and our sons. Humanitarianism, foggy about its facts, may just *possibly* be cruelty to ourselves—and others. Is it permissible to read the last eighty years of history, and remember a few dates? Or not? And might not those who rush into print with *their* Fourteen Points take the far more expert views of France, and Poland, and Bohemia, and Austria? Other Allies will have their say, when the time comes; and Time will, too. Neutrals will not be altogether dumb. The principles enunciated by the Pope have time to spread and to be digested. A remnant of the finer Germans, Cardinals Faulhaber and Bertram, Bishop von Preysing, Dr. Karl Adam, Father Muckermann, S.J., Pastor Niemöller and others, have a right to be thought of. “We have no idea,” said Lord Halifax last month, “what the shape of the post-war world will be, we do not know the circumstances in which hostilities will end, or the materials which will lie to our hands in building the edifice of peace. No paper plan will endure that does not freely spring from the will of the peoples, who alone can give it life. Nor will it avail for one people alone to see a vision that has no message for their neighbours. International, like national, institutions, must have deep roots, and if they are to grow, must have, like everything else, a soil that suits them.” There speaks the voice of calm and deep Reason, which considers the living tree, the grain of the wood, the nature of the soil and the air—and, in Euripides’s words:

stands from fear set free  
and holds a hand uplifted over hate.

Our business is to continue the present sound temper of our people through coming trials, and wait. “He that believeth shall not make haste.” This grim, unshowy role is not to the taste of busybodies with a fountain pen ready to draft constitutions, worshippers as they are of certain external political

*forms* which do not get to the heart of the matter and the life of peoples. This obviously suits the ruthless war-makers in eastern Europe, knowing that it affords fruitful openings for difference between the Allies, and between our odd schools of thought. A sort of perverse gloom motives certain critics, who will in one breath say : "You are fighting only for self," and, when reminded that Poland is one main war-aim, will in the next breath say : "What is Poland to us?", unaware of their own primitive mind-processes.

Then Mr. Shaw was so nonplussed by a few ordinary people of Reason, in a recent correspondence, that in reply he could find nothing to say except that they were "suburbans" and he an "Intellectual" (with a capital I) and as such detested. He did, however, add, cryptically I confess, that they were people "with a pipe, a stick, and a black and tan"; which sounds rather like Kilkenny or Balla-somewhere to me. Scratch an Intellectual who fancies he is "above the battle," and you often find a scold. There is too much atavism in the "emancipated," and the ideologist in the tantrums is an unedifying but common sight. Mr. Shaw, though never taken seriously by great numbers (as he has complained, correctly), has slightly relaxed, in some, the faith in Facts and in Reason. He has danced before the image of Truth less in homage than to show off his own nimbleness. He has need, indeed, of an athletic pamphleteering prose style (almost as good as Swift's or Samuel Butler's) to carry off the many half-truths, quarter truths, and periodical *bêtises* he has given us. In the last War he spoke humorously of his own "sensible poltroonery"; since then, in autobiographical remarks, he overpassed the limits in exposing his father's failings; and in the present struggle, he has uttered the masterpiece : "Back to Geneva : Hitler is willing !" a remark which, in the "Bunch of Grapes" late on a Saturday night, might be passed by in a silence of pity or rebuke, but which, in an educated, literate man seems intellectual decadence. Hitler eager for a Christian peace at Geneva !—to this decay of sense and faculty has our self-appointed mentor come, in his desire to be "agin" average sense, and his passion to astound and irritate. Even these excesses, however, had modest beginnings, in a determination to be bright rather than right; to strike the *bourgeois* on the head rather than the nail. This itch to be "different," however, issues in no coherent Credo or philosophy; it is reaction only. Sometimes it fails even in originality, and per-



haps Mr. Shaw did not know he was echoing the maudlin commonplace of a few "suburban" cads when he wrote that we guaranteed Poland, but "Hitler beat us hands down"—so the obvious thing to do is to open talks with him on the basis of that *fait accompli*. "Clever" men are always more myopic than others, if they are only spry and nothing more: thus, Mr. Shaw has never heard of a *fait un-accompli*, of Facts superposed on a fact and reversing it.

I could believe better in a man's reverence for truth if ever, once, I saw him alight in the Centre of any issue, independently, after thought; instead of invariably waiting to see what average human judgment concludes, and then cocking snooks at *that*; or, curiously, always being found on the Outside Left. History shows what the result of this is: it means that the *flâneur* is left outside. Such an abysmally paltry remark as that on Poland, and the invitation to leave her to the wolf, and hand her over to the partitioning hyenas (at Geneva!), in a flash betrays the unreality, the lack of responsibility and of heart which passes—for some in our poverty-stricken, anchor-less phase—for wit or wisdom.

Humility is the *sine qua non* for a thinker, if he is not to be an impressionist. Prayer is another pre-requisite. A third is the honest, persevered-in "grind" in the lived wisdom and philosophy of man, in the supreme truths of revealed religion. Without these, public advisers are usurpers, tolerated because we are a very tolerant race, curious about personalities, but incurious about their credentials and their *right* to speak.

This brings us to Mr. Wells, whose wrath at the contradiction which events have given to his ideas takes a different, less impish, form from Mr. Shaw's. Both see the bankruptcy of their particular notions of order, liberty, progress, and so forth; and instead of understanding the portent, and re-examining their schemes, hurl themselves at the scheme of things. They do not yet apparently appreciate that change and movement and modernness are not necessarily "progress," nor that progress as often visualized is not commonly improvement. A Christian millennium is ten times more probable and workable than a secular Utopia: yet we Christians do not plunge into despair or vituperation at set-backs to our hope. *There* is a singular fact: we hope more than they, yet despair less. And why? Because our philosophy takes count of more facts, of all the facts. To them, this present is the All. To us, it is a sub-district of time, space, and

eternity. They demand delivery by return of post, almost: we "do not know the times and the seasons," but know just our own angle of duty by which alone a better world will come. Now to your professional world-improvers the mere individual doesn't signify much! He is interested in "the broad elemental proposition" of the house; for him the bricks scarcely matter. We say the bricks are nine-tenths of the secret. We declare that Personal Character is the one great essential; they specialize in forms, devices and regimes. It is, of course, machinery-worship.

Isn't it *hugely* significant that, like many conventional moderns, they care not a hoot for the basic things—for agriculture, an indigenous country culture, local patriotism, love of the past, family, tradition, religion, Church, and relations with the unseen? Shaw, indeed, once said contemptuously that he'd given the stupid British and the world a full-fledged religion, if they had only had the sense to see it; but that merely shows a callowness which has never recognized a towering and incomparable mental superior in St. Paul (to name only one giant who reduces our eclectic impressionists to dwarfs). But neither he nor Wells has ever written a page (or not a published page) of sense about the above quintessentials of Life. I think they "regret" some of them! Hence the thin celanese quality of their "teaching": it is not built for a voyage as far as 1960. They are men without roots. The nearest farm labourer, the country or slum parson, the Salvation Army lass, the provident mother of six, the soldier or sailor, the nun or monk, the doctor, quarryman or woodman, is *worth* more than a shoal of these abnormally articulate journalists of the period. Such functioners are "in the stream of life divine." They do not talk about the "life force" in terms which even Mr. Ivor Brown in his appraisal of G.B.S. had to call cranky and odd. Mr. Brown, a rationalist, asked why Shaw couldn't use the plain word God, like others, since this was apparently what he meant. Mr. Wells employs even more circumlocutions to get round the same hurdle. Great strings of abstract nouns trail through his rabbinical pages, in which it emerges only that he can't abide democracy, no, nor Bolshevism, nor Fascism, nor, of course, Nazi-ism, nor nationality, nor Capital (nor Labour, if it comes to that), nor the Catholic Church, nor medieval times, nor ancient, nor modern. There is naught left, only a blank Future to sketch his wishes on—and that Future is

souring on him or is being still-born. So he gives *homo sapiens* a large piece of his mind once more, with an animus that is sad and strange against the sole power—Christianity—which could bring a Utopia gradually to birth and preserve it when born! Why slash at his ideal's solitary ally and basis, Catholicism? "Frustration" was a word used by Mr. Wells in another recent book; it hints at much. We are all more or less frustrated; the Grace of life is to transform petty frustration, and go where fulfilment is. Both sages overlook this, that if you wish to go on teaching the world till you are 70 or 80, you ought to *learn* as well; to be docile to facts, to others' wisdom, to the native stubborn grain in things, to the immemorial things, the imponderables. You can't "shoo" these away, as Kipps did that bull near Folkestone (" 'Ere, you be orf!"). "They who fall on these things shall be dashed to pieces; but they upon whom these shall fall shall be ground to powder." Do they recognize this paraphrase, I wonder?

Now let me shock *them*: simply by stating plain facts. England to-day, fighting this war in the present spirit, is a more moral country, a happier nation, a more respected people, more healthy, inventive, braced, efficient, religious and interested, than it was in the preceding ten or more years: and far more so than it would be if it incurred the charters of either Mr. Shaw or Mr. Wells. As Mr. Shaw often says in correspondence, "put that in your pipe and smoke it." The world, at times when it is disturbing the sedentary and theorists by its inconveniences, may be at last justifying itself to the angels and even to wise men. "So much the worse for your angels and wise men," retorts the intellectual, with his congenital obtuseness and humourless conceit. The so-called intellectual, like the militarist, is unteachable; sometimes the two strike up an alliance—as when Mr. Shaw suggests, shake the bloodstained hand of the Potsdam-Gestapo over the sacred body of Poland, and confess yourself whacked: having not even the "savvy" to see that we have, as the desperadoes know, already virtually beaten them. But mere *facts* like that are thistledown to the light-headed. It is fatal, they fancy, to see the obvious—the vast set of world opinion, the steady drive of the Will of God, the command of the seas, our present and growing superiority in the air, our enormous lead in resources, our greater staying-power, the superb good spirits of the folk and the services. Don't ask Intellectuals

to notice things like *that* ! it might give them "the common touch" and lead them to the poet's position in war time :

I am one with my kind :

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.

It is not only that often "the wisdom of men is foolishness to God"; it is that the bogus wit or wisdom of men is seen through by the first sound bus conductor, coster, navvy, or typist who passes and overhears them. For even common, un-dialectical, un-sophist people have souls, and in most souls there is funded an anonymous, unconscious wisdom as old as Time which often remarks, and perceives no contradiction therein (as indeed there is none) : "How clever ! And what an ass !"

The people have little original wisdom of their own, and still less power of expressing it. But one thing they generally have—a *flair* for reliable leadership when the real pinch comes, except when they have been "got at" by ideologists. Thus, reasonably yet without ratiocination, they *know* Chamberlain and Halifax talk sense and reality, and our literary gentlemen often talk temperamental abstractions. They *know* that Hitler or Molotov (like these others) can make black seem white, for at least five minutes ; but they also know that the Papal Encyclical, even though they have read but a maimed summary of a summary in a popular paper, has the right end of the stick. Things are still, you know, revealed to babes which are hidden from the self-wise. Rapid cerebration is not the same thing as thought, and nothing like so good for the purposes of life.

Let us hope and pray that the post-war period will favour the growth of reasoners who (like Chesterton, for example) are equipped with wits and senses also, with affections, loyalties, pieties, and close touch with humanity, nature, earth, and God.

W. J. BLYTON.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.



## THE GROWTH OF A POET : GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, S.J. <sup>1</sup>

### I

**G**ERARD MANLEY HOPKINS once remarked upon "the difference the apprehension of the Catholic truths one after another makes in one's views of everything." In his own case, his conversion to Catholicism changed even his poetry.

His earliest poems were written at Highgate School which he attended until 1863, when he went up to Oxford. The most remarkable of these youthful efforts, "A Vision of the Mermaids," is also the most characteristic, at least of his early work, for in it keenness of apprehension and an exuberant delight in sensuous beauty find their most concentrated expression. Little more than a collection of sensuous images strung together on a very tenuous theme, this "little" is much, for it suggests the influence of Keats as well as Spenser. The impassioned sensuous attraction of the world about him pulses in every one of the hundred and forty-three lines; the couplets, excited rather than dreamy, are charged with a sharp sense awareness. For a poet of eighteen these qualities were remarkably developed.

Plum-purple was the west ; but spikes of light  
Spear'd open lustrous gashes, crimson-white ;  
(Where the eye fix'd, fled the encrimsoning spot,  
And, gathering, floated where the gaze was not ;)  
And through their parting lids there came and went  
Keen glimpses of the inner firmament :  
Fair beds they seem'd of water-lily flakes  
Clustering entrancingly in beryl lakes :  
Anon, across their swimming splendour strook,  
An intense line of throbbing blood-light shook  
A quivering pennon ; then, for eye too keen,  
Ebb'd back beneath its snowy lids, unseen.

He is appealing here primarily to the eye, but he could in-

<sup>1</sup> The quotations from the poems of Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., are made with the kind permission of the Oxford University Press and the poet's family.

voke, too, the senses of taste, touch, and smell in compressed lines :

Soon—as when Summer of his sister Spring  
Crushes and tears the rare enjewelling,  
And boasting 'I have fairer things than these'  
Plashes amidst the billowy apple-trees  
His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind  
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind  
With rosy foam and pelting blossoms and mists  
Of driving vermeil-rain; and, as he lists,  
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,  
A glorious wanton;—all the wrecks in showers  
Crowd down upon a stream, and, jostling thick  
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stick  
On tangled shoals that bar the brook—a crowd  
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud:  
So those Mermaidens crowded.

But perhaps the quality of Hopkins's earliest poetry is best discovered in the opening lines of his "Spring and Death" :

I had a dream. A wondrous thing:  
It seem'd an evening in the Spring:  
—A little sickness in the air  
From too much fragrance everywhere.

Of no one does the early Hopkins remind one so much as of Keats. Later in his life, when he had an æsthetic outlook that he had formed during his years in the Jesuit novitiate, he wrote a criticism of Keats in which it is possible that he was drawing his own portrait and evaluating his own youthful work. Coventry Patmore, his friend of later years, had composed an essay on Sidney Colvin's critical biography of Keats; Hopkins read the review and, while disagreeing with Patmore's more severe strictures on Keats's "luxuriating," wrote: "It is impossible not to feel with weariness how his verse is at every turn abandoning itself to an unmanly and enervating luxury." On the other hand, he paid tribute to latent powers of another kind :

I feel and see in him the beginnings of something opposite to this, of interest in higher things. . . His mind had, as it seems to me, the distinctly masculine powers in abundance, his character the manly virtues; but while he gave himself up to dreaming and self-indulgence, of course they were in abeyance . . . his genius would have taken to an austerer utterance in art.

When the young Hopkins went up to Balliol in 1863, the æsthetic movement was a vital force among undergraduates. The æstheticism of Keats had found expression in the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The seed sown in the *Germ*, the Pre-Raphaelite organ of the 'fifties, was to flower in the *Yellow Book* of the 'nineties. As the movement progressed, it tended to erect beauty into a religion, and worship of beauty became the object and final end of life.

We know from his letters and notebooks how much this movement appealed to one side of Hopkins's temperament. Walter Pater himself was one of Hopkins's tutors; the philosophy that Pater held during his early years as Fellow of Balliol developed logically into his better-known ethic of Cyrenaic intensity. However intellectualized and refined his gospel of Hedonism, at heart it preached that pleasure and beauty were life's goal: and when Pater had anything good to say of religion, it was of religion as art. He had written, in 1866, in his essay on Winckelmann, of the problem of one who pursues beauty:

He may live, as Keats lived, a pure life; but his soul, like that of Plato's false astronomer, becomes more and more immersed in sense, until nothing which lacks the appeal to sense has interest for him. How could such a one ever again endure the greyness of the ideal or spiritual world? . . . Christian asceticism . . . discrediting the slightest touch of sense, has from time to time provoked into strong emphasis the contrast or antagonism to itself, of the artistic life, with its inevitable sensuousness.

Of such a difficulty Hopkins was apparently aware, for the young Oxonian, under the impetus of religious asceticism, chose the way of renunciation.

Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon, then inspiring a certain revival of the Tractarian spirit, won Hopkins to them. The poetry he wrote as an Oxford undergraduate shows the effect of his new asceticism, which modified the sensory richness of his earlier work. In comparison with his Highgate poems, most of his Oxford verses are characterized by "an austerer utterance in art." It is quite impossible to say that his Oxford poetry is "at every turn abandoning itself to an unmanly and enervating luxury." There is little evidence of the tyranny of the senses in these later lines; rather, argument is upper-

most—so much so that many of his verses suffer because they are filled with unrealized abstractions; the movements of the spirit do not find expression in sensitiveness to beauty. The most successful poems of this period are those in which, while rejecting his sensitiveness to beauty, he yet uses it in stating that very renunciation.

One of the most effective of them is "The Habit of Perfection," in which he is so conscious of what must be renounced for the attainment of spiritual perfection that his love for the beauties of the earth flows over into the verses. The poem consists of seven four-line stanzas in which he admonishes each of his senses to shut out the world. To his eyes he says :

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark  
And find the uncreated light:  
This ruck and reel which you remark  
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

To his sense of touch :

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet  
That want the yield of plushy sward,  
But you shall walk the golden street  
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

This attitude was to undergo a change from which resulted that poetry which all critics recognize as his greatest. "The difference the apprehension of the Catholic truths one after another makes in one's views of everything" was instrumental in that change, for in his last year at Oxford Hopkins was received into the Catholic Church. Then, a year after obtaining his degree, he entered the Jesuit novitiate.

His entrance into the Society of Jesus changed the whole direction of his life and of his art. Especially far-reaching in their influence on him were the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The book of the Exercises sets forth the Ignatian ideal of using all created things as means to man's final end. Its basic precepts are laid down in the "Principle and Foundation," so-called, as one of its recent editors has said, "because from it are deduced all the practical truths which the subsequent Exercises teach, and upon it is raised the whole fabric of the spiritual life as St. Ignatius conceives it." The Spiritual Exercises open with the proposition that :

Man is created to praise, reverence, and serve our Lord,  
and by this means to save his soul.

And the other things on the face of the earth are created



for man, and that they may help him in prosecuting the end for which he is created.

From this it follows that man is to use them as much as they help him on to his end, and ought to rid himself of them so far as they hinder him as to it.

This is the essence of Ignatian and Christian asceticism: earthly things have but a limited value and are to be used only in so far as they are serviceable for the attainment of the supreme and ultimate end; they are to be renounced in so far as they withdraw one from God and tend to become ends in themselves.

For twenty-one years Hopkins studied, meditated upon, and reduced to practice the lessons of the Spiritual Exercises. They became part of his life and attitude, giving direction to all he experienced, thought, and wrote. They influenced his most exuberant and joyous poems; they were part of his suffering and desolation. He delivered sermons suggested by them, started to write a commentary on them; he gave them to others. Their impact is found in his humility, his asceticism, his consciousness of imperfection, his abnegation, and especially in the integrity with which he faced hardship and disappointment. They shaped his native temperament and sensibility to an ideal of perfection.

It was during his noviceship that Hopkins worked out an æsthetic in which the experience of beauty and religious experience coalesce. Created beauty became a call to higher Beauty, and the poet used his awareness of the beauty of the world in the service of God.

The principle of beauty in things he called "inscape," a term which is analogous to the scholastic description of beauty as "*splendor formae*." Æsthetic and religious experience became one in the sacramental apprehension of beauty. His sacramentalism, moulded by Scotus and the Spiritual Exercises, gave him warrant for the use of the senses. The integral act of sense and intellect in which the artist seeks God, allowed him to delight in the beauty of the world without imagining beauty to be man's final end or giving it worship. Rather, he used beauty as a means, directing it Godwards so as to give it a supernatural interpretation.

For seven years after he entered the novitiate Hopkins gave up poetry of his own accord, but in the notebooks he kept during these years can be seen the germs of his later

work. He kept two separate journals, one for religious notes (now lost) and another for secular observations. The latter, like his Oxford notebooks, is filled with notations of natural beauty; but he could not prevent his new religious attitude from entering occasionally. For the first time his experience of natural beauty is accompanied by religious experience. He writes, for instance: "As we drove home the stars came out thick: I leant back to look at them and my heart opening more than usual, praised our Lord to, and in whom all that beauty comes home." In a still more remarkable entry he notes with enthusiasm: "I do not think I have ever seen anything more beautiful than the bluebell I have been looking at"; and he added significantly, "I know the beauty of our Lord by it. Its inscape is mixed of strength and grace."

This associating of the experience of beauty with a religious experience becomes increasingly central for Hopkins; in the above passages we have in germ the attitude which we shall see more explicitly developed in his later poems. Never before in his work—in his Highgate poems, his Oxford diaries or his undergraduate poems—had he associated his perception of the world's beauty so closely with his religion.

Clearly he understood that the purpose of asceticism is to control and discipline the senses rather than to suppress them. Thus, we find him, on the one hand, recording in his Journal soon after he had entered the novitiate that the "penance which I have been doing from Jan. 25 to July 25 prevented my seeing much that half year." On the other hand, after having trained and disciplined himself so that the vision of beauty became a means of praising God, he could write the passages which have already been quoted.

St. Ignatius himself had a similar attitude. If Hopkins read—as a young novice, he would certainly have done so—the standard biographies of that Saint, he would have learned that his master "found no greater consolation than in looking up at the sky and stars, for in doing so, often and long, his soul was strangely impelled, as it were, to seek the service of God," and that "the sight of a plant, a blade of grass, a leaf, a flower . . . would be sufficient to transport him into the seventh heaven."

Such an attitude was basic in the religious pattern of the Jesuits. Thus, in the Spiritual Exercises the exercitant is urged to contemplate "God our Lord . . . in every creature, according to His own essence, presence, and power" and "to look how God dwells in creatures, in the elements, giving

them being." In the very ideal of the Order, then, Hopkins could find an avenue for approaching the service, reverence, and praise of God by means of his appreciation and use of created beauties—as long as his attachment to beauty never became an idolatry.

The sacramental view of the world as revealing God gives Hopkins's mature poems a combination of sensitiveness to created beauty and their intellectual and emotional direction. There will be sensuous and vital awareness almost as appealing as in Keats, but it will be used for the fuller realization of the spirit.

To turn now to these poems. "The Wreck of the Deutschland" was written in 1875. While seven years of poetical silence lay behind the poem, seven years of close and careful observation of nature, seven years of study and religious life were also behind it. It would be true to say that in it his entire religious life became articulate.

His changed attitude enabled him to cancel the lines he wrote in 1866:

Be shelled, eyes, with double dark  
And find the uncreated light:

and to proclaim instead, in this first poem he wrote as a Jesuit scholastic:

I kiss my hand  
To the stars, lovely-asunder  
Starlight, wafting him out of it; and  
Glow, glory in thunder;  
Kiss my hand to the dappled-with-damson west:  
Since, tho' he is under the world's splendour and wonder,  
His mystery must be instressed, stressed;  
For I greet him the days I meet him, and bless when I  
understand.

While many of the mystics have closed their eyes to earthly beauty the better to concentrate on the things of the spirit (the Curé d'Ars is said to have feared that even the sight of a rose would distract him), Hopkins opened them wide to discover God in the world. The nun in the poem read the message in the world about her:

Ah! there was a heart right!  
There was single eye!  
Read the unshapeable shock night  
And knew the who and the why;  
Wording it how but by him that present and past,  
Heaven and earth are word of, worded by?—

These lines are the poetic rendering of a *précis* which he wrote later to sum up the "Principle and Foundation" of the Spiritual Exercises: "God's utterance of Himself in Himself is God the Word, outside Himself is this world. This world then is word, expression, news, of God. Therefore its end, its purpose, its purport, its meaning, is God, and its life or work to name and praise Him."

From 1875, when he broke his poetic silence, till the end of 1878, he wrote more than a dozen poems. A religious experience of beauty is the central theme that runs through most of them—an experience of created things moulded and directed by the principles formulated in the Spiritual Exercises. In his *précis* of the "Principle and Foundation" he gave utterance to the sacramental view of nature which sees all things as "word, expression, news, of God," as avenues to a knowledge of the supreme Being. Man may rise from an experience of particular things, of "inscapes," to God; he may find in the many, the One. Natural beauty can lead man to the Beauty that is above.

JOHN PICK.

(*To be continued.*)

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### *An Apostle's Prayer*

TAKE, take! Lord Jesus, take!  
 And then Thy emptied vessel break.  
     Press Thy grape  
     Out of human shape.  
 Press till there escape  
 The last wine-purple bead,  
     Mingling to feed  
 The martyrs' chalice of Thy Church.

Burn, burn! Consume Thy torch—  
 To love, to light, howe'er it scorch:  
     Till it hath lit the dark  
     Of templed hate and scorn;  
 Till it hath flickered, worn  
     To the last shred.  
     Then—cast as dead,  
 And life be closed in me.

H.P.C.L.



## THE SAINT TERESA OF THE NEW WORLD

### I

IT is a delightful occupation if, like most delightful occupations, quite superfluous, to praise France. Frenchmen themselves have done it so deftly and persistently that irate foreigners (*d'outre Rhin*) have been moved to inquire, "Is God a Frenchman?" Boasting is part of their charm, because there is nothing selfish in it, but only the exuberance of their love for *la belle France*. All the best people have "boasted," including our Lady and St. Paul, who has bequeathed to us a small theology of the subject. Any man who belongs to the true European tradition also belongs to France, and might adapt a famous apostrophe to express his gratitude :

O France, my country, city of the soul,  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee !

For France humanized and Christianized on our behalf the splendid but too masculine Roman inheritance, infusing into it the best womanly qualities until it lost its hard lines and became gracious and gay and tender. Have not nearly all the most human and lovable saints been French, from Paulinus, the poet of friendship, to Teresa, the Little Flower whose fragrance has sweetened the whole earth? But of all the great sons and daughters of the Church's Eldest Daughter none better illustrates the many-sided genius of France than the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation. She boasts herself with charming *naïveté* of her "*talent pour le négoce*." In the opinion of the best judges she was one of the sublimest contemplatives the Church has ever known. Her range of human experience was far greater than the great St. Teresa's, for she was wife and mother as well as nun, and she achieved what both St. Teresas could only dream of, by crossing the Atlantic as the pioneer nun missionary of Christendom. Four centuries and a year ago it was an unheard and undreamt of thing in the Church for a nun to be a missionary. All nuns were enclosed, in the strictest legality of the term, and one might as well try to move a mountain as to dislodge the canon

of the code which kept nuns firmly at home. The holy projects of St. Angela Merici and Mary Ward foundered on that particular rock, but Mary of the Incarnation somehow sailed round it and off to the Red Indians of New France, while all the bishops of Old France blessed and applauded. Marie's whole life was a ravishing paradox. French of the French, as Abbé Bremond delighted to emphasize, "vraiment notre Thérèse, une Thérèse de chez nous, française de tête et de cœur, jusqu'au bout des ongles,"<sup>1</sup> she has yet a universal appeal.

At a time like the present, when the bastard mysticisms of Nazi-ism and Communism are endeavouring to black-out heaven itself, this great, true mystic brings its light and peace and beatitude to our doors. Part of her quintessential Frenchness was to be lucid, and none more clearly than she or with more poetic charm has described the holy mysteries of the soul's ascensions to God. Until recently it was not easy to acquire her matchless "Relations" or her letters, but now the Benedictines of France are bringing out a splendid edition of both, which make the finest war-time reading that any man more concerned to lift up his heart than to bury his head could desire.<sup>2</sup>

Marie was born on October 28, 1599, at Tours, which claims, to the indignation of its rival Arles, that it produces the most beautiful girls in France. Her mother was distantly connected with a noble family, but her father was a plain baker, and so she belongs unmistakably to the *petite bourgeoisie*, the class that has always been the backbone of France. A dream is all that distinguishes her maidenhood from that of other girls, a vision of the night when she was seven, wherein our Lord appeared to her and asked: "Will you be Mine?" and she answered with a "Yes!" that reverberated in eternity. It was a simple affair, that first beckoning of the finger of God, but it marked the beginning of a complete dedication, without in any way marring the beautiful "humanness" that was ever to be her *panache*. At fourteen she confided to her mother, a holy soul, her desire to be a nun. "Ma mère," she explains, "ne me croyait pas propre, parce qu'elle me voyait d'une

<sup>1</sup> "Histoire Littéraire du Sentiment Religieux en France," t. VI, pp. 9-10. Marie ranges at her ease through half of this volume because Abbé Bremond, who so often laments his lack of room, found her completely irresistible.

<sup>2</sup> Four volumes have already appeared—"Marie de l'Incarnation: Écrits spirituels et historiques." Paris, 1929-1939. Others are to follow, and of the editing one need only say that it is in the highest tradition of Benedictine scholarship, or, in a word, perfect.

humeur gaie et agréable, qu'elle estimait peut-être incompatible avec la vertu de la religion." The scruple of the good lady, whose aspirations to God over her work were one of her daughter's abiding memories, did not cure Marie of her high spirits, so a marriage was arranged for her by her parents in the practical French and Ancient Roman style which works so astonishingly well. Marie entered into it puzzled, but thinking that her parents knew best and that her "humeur gaie" must indeed be a barrier to the cloister. She was extremely happy with her Claude, who was certainly "un homme brave" but not so decidedly "un brave homme," with the result that by another of the many paradoxes of Marie's life she was at the same time extremely miserable with her mother-in-law. After two years of married life, her husband died, leaving her with a baby son bearing his own name, and a bankrupt business.

That hour of desolation was God's hour. On March 24, 1620, the vigil of the Feast of the Incarnation, Marie left her home early, bent on that "négoce" for which she had such a remarkable talent. Single-handed and valiant-hearted, she had set to the task of straightening out her husband's affairs, and as she walked along, repeated over and over again in ceaseless litany: *In te Domine speravi, non confundar in aeternum*. Then, there in the street, under the dappled sky of Touraine, with no more warning than our Lady had of Gabriel's coming, she underwent her first tremendous mystical experience. It took the form of a realization of the foulness of her sins so piercing that she believed she must have died on the spot, of horror, if God had not sustained her.

De voir que personnellement l'on est coupable, et que, quand l'on eût été seule qui eût péché, le Fils de Dieu aurait fait ce qu'il a fait pour tous, c'est ce qui consume et anéantit l'âme. . . Mon cœur se sentit ravi à soi-même, et tout changé en l'amour de celui qui lui avait fait cette insigne miséricorde, lequel lui fit souffrir . . . un regret de l'avoir offensé le plus grand qu'on se puisse imaginer; non, il ne se peut imaginer. Ce trait de l'amour fut si pénétrant et si inexorable pour ne rien relâcher de la douleur, que je me fusse jetée dans les flammes pour le satisfaire.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Écrits spirituels et historiques," Benedictine edition, t. II, pp. 182—183.

It need hardly be said that Marie's "Relations" of her spiritual experiences were written, not spontaneously or for her own satisfaction, but in obedience to the express commands of two of her directors, the Jesuits Père Georges de la Haye and Père Jerome Lallemant. That first touch of God, with its simultaneous agony and bliss, marked what she called her "conversion," though she had been since childhood a model of devotion. Thereafter she was another being, "*si puissamment changée que je ne me connaissais plus moi-même.*" But as yet she stood only on the first rung of her Jacob's ladder whose top disappears from our eyes in the infinite azure of God. She applied herself with such dexterity to affairs that soon her dead husband's credit was redeemed. Then her sister's husband, who was the Carter Paterson of Touraine, begged her to come and manage for him, and for three or four years she played the part of Martha to perfection in his swarming household, while never ceasing to be Mary in her soul. This Buisson and his wife, her sister, were, for all their horses and carts, graceless exploiters of her charity, but so far from resenting it she made a secret vow to obey their least wish. Her brilliant management as cook, nurse and housekeeper of the Buisson family and its tough retainers, the porters and vanmen, inspired her brother-in-law, astute fellow, to put the whole conduct of his affairs in her hands.

Then was witnessed, but only by the angels, an extraordinary thing, a doubling of attention that kept two worlds in focus and made of Marie's life in the bustling, noisy warehouse, with her ledgers around her, one long, unbroken ecstasy. "I found myself," she writes, "in the thick of the merchants' hubbub, and, nevertheless, my spirit was plunged in the Divine Majesty. I used to spend almost the whole day in a stable that served as a warehouse, and sometimes I would be on the wharf at midnight directing the loading or unloading of merchandise. My usual company consisted of porters, carters, and even fifty or sixty horses which it was my business to care for." One likes to think of those great, patient, shaggy-footed beasts being rubbed down and given their oats by one of the grandest mystics in history. In keeping her accounts, she writes that the process of dipping the pen in the ink was precious to her "*parce que l'esprit et le cœur se servaient de ce moment pour former leur entretien.*" The hide-and-seek of the mystical life caused her inexpressible suffering, tolerable only because it seemed to tend to some



great disclosure. In words that it would be a sin to try to translate she says :

Notre Seigneur semblait se plaire à me continuer la douceur de sa sainte familiarité; mais c'était dans un amour qui souffrait une langueur continuelle, quoique l'âme en cet état fût en Dieu. . . Elle était dans la possession des biens qu'elle attendait par la jouissance de l'Époux celeste, qui semblait se plaire à la faire ainsi souffrir, mourir, et remourir. . . Quoiqu'il fût en moi, il semblait s'enfuir de moi, et se retirer dans sa lumière inaccessible. . . Je m'enfermais dans un lieu à l'écart où je me prosternais contre terre pour étouffer mes sanglots.

Her "tendance continuelle" during this topsy-turvy period when we see her by the fitful gleams of lanterns against a Rembrandtesque background of dark, swirling waters, dray-horses and bargees, led to ineffable communications of the Divine Trinity. Her penances, carefully concealed from all but her director, were terrible. She treated her poor body like a slave, tormenting it with a hair-shirt and spiked chains. For hours of the night she scourged herself till she was covered with blood and then lay on the bare floor for the little sleep "qu'il lui en faut pour ne pas mourir." As she said herself if men only knew how lovable God is they would jump out of their very skins to run after Him. Her austerities did but lend to her incessant charities a more exquisite tenderness. We catch glimpses of her sitting down to table, the only woman among twenty workmen, listening like a mother to their simple confidences. They flew to her in all their troubles and she flew to them when they fell ill. Sometimes, she says, the house was like a hospital, and she was its only nurse and doctor. Of sick and sound she made the beds with her own hands, and, did any poor fellow suffer from a loathsome disease, he became her absolute baby.

Then, after many days and many dyings, her long inquietude, her "doux martyre" found its term in that mystic marriage with the Word Incarnate of which a profane pen dares scarcely to write the name :

En ce moment cette suradorable Personne s'empara de mon âme et, l'embrassant avec un amour inexplicable, l'unit à soi et la prit pour son épouse. Lorsque je dis qu'il l'embrassa, ce ne fut pas à façon des embrassements

humains. Il n'y a rien de ce qui peut tomber sous le sens qui approche de cette divine opération, mais il me faut exprimer à notre façon terrestre. Ce fut par des touches divines et des pénétrations de lui en moi, et d'une façon admirable de retours réciproques de moi en lui, de sorte que n'étant plus moi, je demeurai lui par intimité d'amour et d'union. . . Il faudrait que j'eusse la faculté des Séraphins et autres Esprits bienheureux pour pouvoir dire ce qui se passa en cette extase et ravissement d'amour.

The "tendance continuelle" which had hitherto been the ground-bass of all Marie's spiritual experiences now came to an end, but only to be replaced by a tension of human love the most excruciating that the heart can bear. She explains herself how it arose: "If there was one thing in the world that appealed to me it was the life of a nun. Sometimes I used to be afraid that this was a temptation, and I complained about it to God, saying, 'Alas! my Beloved, take away this thought from me, for I have a son for whom I must care.' This plaint was followed by an interior reproach that I was wanting in confidence, the divine bounty being rich enough for my son and for me." These "appels intérieurs" to the religious life, which really dated back to her childhood, became ever more frequent, clear and pressing, while the objections with which she endeavoured to counter them seemed inversely to lose all their force. But Marie had a horror of every form of illuminism and was the least temerarious person in the world. Later in her life at Quebec, when that outpost of France was threatened by the Iroquois, she said that once sure of the enemy's approach she would pack up and take her nuns home, even though she should have had a revelation from heaven that they would suffer no harm. "I would hold my views for suspect, and abandon them in order that my Sisters and I might follow the most obvious and safest course." It was the same in her mystical life. At the very times when God was showering His most extraordinary graces on her, she made desperate attempts to meditate in the ordinary way, to use vocal prayer, to quit her mountain path and follow the broad highway meant for us, God's pedestrians. She made herself seriously ill by such efforts to be ordinary, but relinquished them only at the express command of her director, who was himself no little of a saint. Every movement of her soul was made known to her director.

"When God calls the soul," she wrote, "to this kind of interior life, correspondence is absolutely required, with the complete abandonment of oneself to Divine Providence, *supposée la conduite d'un directeur, duquel elle doit suivre les ordres à l'aveugle*. O my God, how I could wish, were it in my power, to cry the importance of this point at the top of my voice!"

But when the imperious voice in the soul and the no less decided voice of her director bid a mother abandon her son, what then? Marie loved her boy passionately, being the sort of person who could never do anything by halves, but, with a strange foreboding of the sacrifice that would one day be demanded of her, she had schooled herself from his babyhood not to be demonstrative in her affection. For instance, she kissed him rarely, and would not allow him, poor little Isaac of this "land of vision," to hug her or to stroke her face, thinking, poor mother, by such stratagems to make the eventual parting easier for them both. For once in a way she was mistaken.

Marie's predilection among nuns was for the Ursulines, "*parce qu'elles étaient instituées pour aider les âmes, chose à laquelle j'avais de puissantes inclinations.*"<sup>1</sup> Every time, she tells us, that she passed their convent in Tours on her way to the *tracas* of the merchants, "*mon esprit et mon cœur faisaient un subtil mouvement qui m'emportait en cette sainte maison.*" But her saintly and stern director, the Feuillant, Dom Raymond de Saint-Bernard, had other ideas for her. One with so marked a contemplative vocation must be destined for the nuns of his own Order, the terribly austere Feuillantines, so he made all preparations, ignoring her humble report from her Divine Spouse. Once again she thought that she must have misinterpreted the voice of God and submitted peaceably to the brusque and managerial voice of her director, only praying to her Divine Lover that in this perplexity He would choose for her Himself. It was then Dom Raymond's turn to have command from heaven, where-

<sup>1</sup> The badge of Ursuline schools carries a pattern of stars, in which, said Pope Pius XI on one occasion, addressing Ursuline children and borrowing a *mot* from Voltaire, of all people, "with a little good will we can recognize the Little Bear (Ursula). The Little Bear guides you to the polar star, that star that God has given in His Providence to those who climb mountains, to travellers lost on the oceans or in the deserts, the fixed point through which man can keep on the right path. Dear children, your Christian education is your fixed point, and its influence ought to make itself felt, its light ought to guide you, during the whole of that life which is opening before you."

upon the excellent man surrendered his prize without a shot to the Ursulines.

But there was still Marie's son, Claude, to be reckoned with, a frail, moody, half-lost lad of eleven. The wealthy Buissons had grudgingly undertaken to give him a home, which was the least they could do for the child of their benefactress. But they did not make things easy for the little fellow, being utterly opposed to what they considered his mother's crazy determination. She had carefully concealed her project from the boy, hoping that if she slipped away unobserved he would soon reconcile himself, with a child's resilience, to his orphanhood. He relates the sequel himself. People seemed afraid of him, he said. If their eyes met his they looked away without saying a word. He saw pity on every face, and, unable to stand or understand the gloom about him, fled from his new home with the intention of reaching Paris. In a torment of anxiety his mother sent friends to scour the country-side for him, but three dreadful days went by before he was discovered at Blois and brought home. "O Dieu," she wrote, "je n'eusse jamais cru que la douleur de la perte d'un enfant pût être si sensible à une mère."

Then began a drama of human love unmatched for pathos in the entire annals of sanctity. Marie was distracted with grief, torn in twain, not by wild horses, but by two eternities. Nearly forty years later the wound was still unhealed, and she writes from her heroic post in Canada to her son, then one of the brightest ornaments of the great Benedictine Congregation of St. Maur :

Know once again that in actually separating from you, I subjected myself to a living death. The Spirit of God was inexorable to the tender love which I felt for you, and gave me no rest until I had taken the step. . . This Divine Spirit was pitiless to my feelings, saying to me in the depths of my heart : 'Hurry, hurry, it is time !' His voice urged unceasingly with a holy impetuosity which allowed me no repose. You came with me, and in parting from you it seemed as if my soul was being wrenched from my body, with intensest pain.

At the Convent gates, where the Archbishop of Tours was waiting to consummate her sacrifice, this new Mother of the Maccabees could not find her voice, but with a supreme effort turned and *smiled* a good-bye to her weeping son. That was



only Act I of a drama which, as Bremond well says, lasted her whole life long.<sup>1</sup>

In his new home, Claude was desperately unhappy, for the Carter Paterson people had no love to waste on the lonely little boy and they also felt a grudge against his mother who had shown so poor an appreciation of the importance of the Touraine transport service. At this time (1631) new buildings were being put up at the Ursuline Convent, so the gates remained open all day to allow the masons to pass to and fro. Claude seized this chance to roam the Convent grounds in search of his mother. Sometimes he waylaid her in the garden with the other novices. At other times, he ventured into the house itself, once, after a long exploration, making a dramatic appearance in the refectory as the community were about to sit down to dinner. He even wandered as far as the grille opening on the choir, and now and then took it into his head to leave his cap and coat hanging there as a reminder to his unfortunate mother. "The Sisters," he wrote afterwards, "might have addressed her as did Joseph's brethren their father, Jacob: 'See if this be not the coat of thy son.' " The other novices used to weep at sight of Claude or his coat, and to say to Marie that she was indeed cruel not to share their tears. "But, alas!" she explained to Claude the man, "they did not see the anguish in my heart for you."

It appears that Carter Paterson was a poet, which may be one reason why he had so readily resigned the conduct of his business into Marie's hands, exchanging, so to say, transport for transports. This bard now began to produce doleful elegies on the subject of his general manager's retirement, making Claude the mouthpiece of reproaches and expostulations so heartrending that, as Claude himself wrote later on, "one would have had to have been less than human not to be affected by them." These effusions were given to the boy for presentation to his mother.

Claude was popular with his schoolmates at the Jesuit College, who felt in their own awkward fashion a deep sympathy for his trouble. One day they gathered round him in a crowd,

<sup>1</sup> In spite of his glowing and so thoroughly justified enthusiasm for Marie, Abbé Bremond tended to the opinion that she should not have abandoned her son. "Pour moi, préférant un devoir clair à un devoir obscur, il me semble que je lui aurais défendu d'abandonner son fils, mais, ce faisant, il me semble aussi que j'aurais senti peser sur moi l'antique menace: Maudit celui qui ramène les choses de Dieu à la mesure de l'homme; maudit, qui sacrifie les inspirations célestes aux troubles sommations de la chair" ("Histoire Littéraire," t. VI, pp. 70-71). Justement!

saying: "Come along, let's find your mother, let's make such a row that they'll give her back to you." Then, armed with sticks and stones, they rushed off to picket the Convent. Above the din they made, shouting, stamping, throwing stones, Marie inside heard the poignant treble of her boy, crying: "Rendez-moi ma mère! Je veux avoir ma mère!" It was a cry that she would have heard, and was indeed to hear, at the ends of the earth. Never in her life, she said, was she so *combattue*. Even now, after these hundreds of years, we can appreciate the bitterness of her Gethsemane, as she pleaded heartbrokenly with God, "Hé! le voulez-vous, O mon Amour? Hé! dites, le voulez-vous?" Among other of the great graces accorded to her was a revelation of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, fifty years before our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary. Not a day passed, she said, that she did not sacrifice her boy anew to God, "sur le Cœur de son Bien-Aimé Fils." In that pierced Heart she found peace, while the storm of her own frustrated heart raged within her. Seventeen years later, she wrote to Claude from Canada: "You have reason to reproach me, and I, in my turn, shall reproach, if I may, Him Who came to bring upon earth a sword which causes there such strange divisions. There was no resisting the power of Divine Love, but that has not prevented me from thinking myself, an infinity of times, the most cruel of all mothers. I ask your forgiveness, my dear son, for being the cause of so much sorrow to you. But let us take comfort from the thought that life is short, and that we shall have a whole eternity of each other's company." At seventy, Marie was still haunted by the same problem of mother and son. She asks Claude, then a distinguished Benedictine<sup>1</sup> and the confidant of all her sublime secrets, whether he is not now content that she had left him long ago to the holy Providence of God. It would almost seem as if she wished to hear from his priestly lips before she died an *Ego te absolvo, Mater; Vade in pace*.

JAMES BRODRICK.

(To be continued.)

<sup>1</sup> So distinguished that his biography was written at great length by the celebrated Maurist scholar, Dom Martène.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### ROMAN VIGNETTES.

#### XXIV

#### CHRISTMAS IN ROME

ONE does not readily associate Christmas as a popular feast with Rome. One thinks rather of some southern German village, light streaming from a cottage window over driven snow, and inside, a blazing Yule log and the young fir tree in the corner, hung with apples and biscuits and tinsel-spangled. The name *Christkindl* or Christ-child at that season seems to ring most tenderly in its German form. Somehow we have come to connect Christmas with snow and cold, with fir trees and holly berries. And in Rome it is unlikely that you will have snow then; probably it will be quite warm in the sun and, if you go out in an overcoat, you may regret it.

Possibly it is thoroughly unfair of us to have adapted Christmas to our northern climate, and the word *Bambino* may claim to be just as appropriate as *Christkindl*. The crib originated in Italy, and it is the Sicilian and Neapolitan varieties that are the most colourful and variegated. Religiously, of course, climate has nothing to do with the matter, and it is clear that the feast is celebrated in Rome with customary pomp and ceremony.

A visit to the Roman churches that have a special association with the Nativity may well be interesting. Chief of them—and best known of them—is St. Mary Major, one of the four basilicas of the city. We need not describe it, for that we have done before. It has many titles, one of them being *Our Lady of the Snow* from the legend that its site was revealed in a dream to a Roman noble, and found on the next morning to be covered with snow. But, lest you should at once connect this with the robin and the holly berries, it should be stated that the vision and the snow-fall occurred in August, not December. Another title is that of our Lady *ad praesepe* (of the crib or manger) because of the relics of the Bethlehem manger which are reputed to be there. Under the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the Sistine Chapel which opens off from the right side of the aisle, is the shrine of the *Santa Culla* or crib: two rough wooden boards are preserved there in a silver reliquary, chased with bas-reliefs and heavy with statuettes, and at Christmas time they are exposed for veneration. Let the critic think what he please about the authenticity

of these relics or their lack of it: they make a focal point for the Roman's Christmas devotion, and he is thinking all the time, not of these boards, but of the Infant Jesus whose first earthly resting-place was on boards as hard as these. Of the three Papal Christmas Masses the first, that of midnight, was normally celebrated here at the altar *ad praesepe*: then, later in the day, the third Mass would be sung at the high altar of this same church.

The second Papal Mass was said at dawn in the relatively unimportant church of St. Anastasia at the foot of the Palatine, and for some time it was not a Christmas Mass at all but the Mass of the Saint herself. This special Mass has long since been abolished, though she is commemorated, even to-day, in the second of our three Christmas Masses. St. Anastasia provides a puzzle for the hagiographer. Her legend exists, of course, and it informs us that she was the daughter of a Roman patrician and was instructed by St. Chrysogonus. She married a pagan, but devoted much of her time to ministering to Christians imprisoned under Diocletian. Later, she went to Aquileia whither St. Chrysogonus had preceded her, was there arrested and brought before the prefect of Illyricum, who condemned her to be set adrift and abandoned at sea. Saved from the sea by the invention of St. Theodota, she returned to land, was re-arrested and finally burnt to death in martyrdom.

The story has no obvious foundation in fact. Anastasia, however, was a sufficiently real person and she has been venerated in Rome since the fifth century when her name was inserted in the Canon of the Mass. The curious thing is that she had apparently no connexion with Rome, and nothing at all to do with Christmas Day. Devotion to her originated at Sirmium in Pannonia, where she was martyred, probably towards the close of the third century. Two hundred years afterwards, her relics were transferred to Constantinople and placed in the church of the *Anastasis* (the Resurrection). Her cultus grew, and the church came to be known as that of Anastasia rather than of the *Anastasis*. At the same time a church had been erected in Rome at the foot of the Palatine hill with the dedication of *titulus Anastasiae*, either because it had been built by a lady founder named Anastasia or for the reason that it was set up in honour of Christ's Resurrection. Though not large, the building had a certain significance, since it was used as a quasi-official chapel by the Government. To it the many Eastern officials brought their own devotion to St. Anastasia, and it came to be known as, and in fact to be, her church.

Another church which is closely associated with the Roman's Christmas, though unliturgically, is the "Ara Coeli" or, to accord it its full name, "Santa Maria in Ara Coeli." Aloft on one spur of the Capitoline hill, occupying the former site of Juno's temple, its plain brick façade, long shorn of all mosaic work, looks down



upon newly-widened streets. One hundred and twenty-four broad steps, built as a votive offering after the plague of 1348, lead up to it; if the day is warm, you will realize that the Capitol still deserves to be called a hill.

Its exterior is bare and unadorned; not unattractive, it has the grim touch of some Florentine palace: the interior high and spacious, with a subdued atmosphere, even a little dark until your eyes adapt themselves. Twenty-two large pillars divide nave from aisle: they are of varying stone and texture, and were originally of unequal height so that their bases had to be adjusted accordingly. From door to altar runs a flooring of marble mosaic, and the richly coffered wooden ceiling is a memorial of the Christian victory at Lepanto. The high altar has an ancient picture of our Lady—one of the many which fancy attributes to St. Luke—and it was for this altar that Raphael painted his *Madonna di Foligno* which now hangs, after many wanderings, in the Vatican galleries. In the left transept is a shrine, standing free from the wall and crowned with a cupola over eight columnets of alabaster, where are thought to lie the remains of the mother of Constantine, St. Helen.

As you enter the church, the first chapel to the right is that of the Bufalini family. On its sides, to commemorate the settling of an age-old feud between themselves and another family of Perugia through the intervention of St. Bernardino of Sienna, are some remarkable frescoes of Pinturicchio. In the vaulted ceiling the four evangelists: a young Matthew, quill in hand and gazing upwards for inspiration, a more venerable John studiously unfolding some ancient scroll, the matter-of-fact Mark quietly repairing his pen. The central figure in the frescoes is naturally the Siennese Saint: now rapt in prayer while the *Padre Eterno*, with the Deity's escort of angels, looks in through a painted window, now as a hermit in the country-side, bright with streams and flowers, the towers of Sienna in the background and a gaily-decked procession of citizens at one side, and finally, on the altar wall, the Saint in glory between St. Anthony of Padua and St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse. Here and there the frescoes are slightly blurred, but this cannot detract from the sense of shining peace that pervades them. They have a rare luminous quality like the best work of Perugino, which seems to shed over the scenes portrayed an unsubstantial, a transfiguring, air.

The "*Ara Coeli*" has many monuments and chapels of varying worth and interest. One only can be mentioned here, the burial chapel of the Savelli family. To one side, a sarcophagus with a tabernacle and the recumbent figure of Jacopo Savelli who was Pope Honorius IV (it is, perhaps, the oldest Papal tomb which survives intact); to the other, a marble urn of obviously pagan origin and heavily sculptured with Bacchic reliefs, and over this

a tomb inlaid with mosaic, that of Luca Savelli, the Pontiff's father, and of his brother, Pandolfo, and his niece.

Finally, the church houses the *Bambino*, a large wooden statue of the Infant Christ, carved—it is said—from a tree of the Mount of Olives in the sixteenth century: sumptuously clad in silks and adorned with jewels, it used to be taken to the sick in a special carriage with liveried attendants, belonging to the Torlonia household. Now it is placed in a famous crib amid a gorgeous setting. From Christmas Day to the Epiphany children preach *ferverinos*, or recite poems, from a small pulpit set up near it, sometimes with an unstudied charm and natural southern gesture, occasionally also—be it confessed—with all the tricks and mannerisms of their histrionic elders.

## XXV

## MOSAICS IN A DESERTED CITY

A striking commentary both on the value and vanity of human effort is provided by those cities which flourished once, fell then into partial ruin or disappeared, and have since been recovered by the skill and patience of the excavator, recovered sufficiently, that is, to let us have a tolerable notion of what they were like. For the average mortal with no specialist knowledge of some by-gone period the chief charm of archæology is that it allows him to reconstruct, in some measure, human existence and human activities of the past. Leaving aside such larger centres as Rome or Athens the thread of whose history was never cut, Pompeii is a famous and a familiar example: famous because of the circumstances in which it was blotted out, as it were, in a single night and because of its remarkable preservation for centuries, buried beneath the debris and ashes of Vesuvius: familiar, since to Pompeii go visitors in their thousands. But Ostia, once the port of Imperial Rome, is little frequented to-day. The normal pilgrim or traveller has scant leisure except, perhaps, for a day or half a day in the Alban hills; and besides, should he go to Ostia, it will usually be to the modern Ostia Mare, a tedious specimen of the continental *plage* with a repulsive shore of red-black sand, admirable—it is rumoured—for gout or rheumatism, or some other human infirmity, but to the eye definitely unpleasing.

The old Ostia lies two miles or so inland, for here the land has gained upon the sea. Tradition used to have it that the port was established by Ancus Martius, the fourth of Rome's early kings. The archæologist will not, however, listen to this. Somewhere about 330 B.C., he will tell you, a fortified outpost was constructed in what was then the angle between the Tiber and the Mediterranean. It had four gates and sturdy walls, was quartered by two intersecting streets and can still be traced in main outline. Its development was rapid, and within a few decades the military fortress was transformed into a commercial town. In 266 B.C.

it secured a kind of grain monopoly and was made responsible for Rome's grain supply. Before the close of the third century it had become an important centre, as may be gleaned from references scattered through the Roman records. From its own warehouses and with its merchant fleet it was able to provision the Roman armies fighting in 217 against Hannibal in Spain: a few years afterwards, in 211, Cornelius Scipio sailed from its harbour with full thirty ships of war and, slightly later, there were as many as thirty vessels under repair in its, no doubt modest, dockyards.

The city continued to develop in later Republican and Imperial times. A completely new rampart of walls was erected in the early first century B.C., and the total of its inhabitants grew to 100,000, including a fair percentage of Africans and Levantines. But in the thirties and forties of the first Christian century the actual Tiber mouth began to be choked with mud: it was difficult to maintain deep channels, so that a new harbour was constructed a little to the north, and inaugurated by Nero in 54 A.D. This is the modern Fiumicino, and between it and the Tiber lay the *Isola Sacra*, which was converted into a vast cemetery for the city. Ostia remained, however, the centre of the grain administration: warehouses were extended and rebuilt, its temples and public buildings took on a new splendour (there were five temples to Mithra alone). Occasional data, gathered from history and from inscriptions, help us to refashion this development which was typical of many other cities under the Empire. During the first century A.D. the Emperor Caligula saw to the construction of an aqueduct which brought it fresh water from the hills, and it owed to Claudius the establishment of a regular fire brigade: later came its elaborate sea-baths, new police barracks, an enlarged open air theatre. An inscription still records the fact that under the Emperor Hadrian, Ostia was "conservata et aucta omni indulgentia et liberalitate." With its temples, forum and theatre, its many stores and granaries, its busy merchant life, it was a bustling and a thriving town.

But, alas! there came inevitable decay. Even prior to the fall of the Empire, Ostia's privileges had been transferred to the new harbour which thenceforth was known as the "Portus Romae." Early in the fourth century its inhabitants began to "evacuate," to drift Rome-wards: civic life grew feeble, the monuments were neglected, the streets were silent. Ostia was soon a deserted city. History has little more to tell of it save for its passing associations with St. Augustine, since it was there that he met his mother, St. Monica, and there that she spent her last hours. "The day now approaching when she was to depart this life," we can read in the ninth book of the Confessions, "it came to pass, Thyself, as I believe, by Thy secret ways so ordering it, that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window which looked on the garden

of the house wherein we lodged at Ostia; for there before our voyage we were resting in quiet from the fatigues of a long journey." By then few sails fluttered and moved in the Tiber estuary, and grass sprouted among the cobbled paving of the road to Rome. Houses fell into disuse and ruin, and the handful of inhabitants that remained sought shelter in the larger buildings that were still intact. By the sixth century there was not one citizen left. Stone and brick lay everywhere with a covering of debris and shrubs and reeds. For ages scarcely anyone visited this neglected spot except the chance Vandal raider or Saracen pirate who would carry off whatever trifles had been left. Not even the establishment of a Papal settlement in the vicinity, named Gregoriopolis, after its founder Gregory IV, or of the medieval fortress of the della Rovere family which guarded the approach to Rome from the sea, made any difference to the silence that now brooded over what once was Ostia.

Excavations undertaken, first by the Popes during the nineteenth century, and more recently and on a fuller scale by the Italian Government, have brought the city again to light. What may now be seen is not, of course, as well preserved as Pompeii. But, for all that, the ground plan is easily recognizable: the foundations are all there, with a great array of walls, staircases and columns. An arch or doorway, some temple façade, stone tiers from the theatre and, in the interiors, mural paintings and mosaic floors, help us to recreate the past. A fascinating stroll it is indeed to enter through what remains of the Porta Romana and saunter the whole length of the main street. Its large paving slabs are still in position, and to either side, more particularly to the right, you pass houses with an occasional sunken garden, shop entrances and column bases, the wider areas of some granary or barracks or sports ground: at the further end the Forum, centre of civic life, and the chief temples: and, half way along, the theatre which backs on to a large market, surrounded by seventy offices of traders and business firms from all parts of the Empire. But grass and wild flowers spring from out the ruins: here a lone cypress, there a group of lofty pines, remind us that Nature will not surrender readily what she has once dominated.

It is time, however, to glance briefly at the mosaics of this deserted city; there are a quantity of them, and they are excellent specimens. The floors of the business offices already mentioned were frequently ornamented with stone mosaic patterns which represented their kind of business and their origin. Thus, it is possible to say that this was the bureau of the merchantmen of Cagliari, and that other the office of a firm from Carthage in North Africa. An inscription is frequently worked into the general pattern so that the interpretation is placed beyond all doubt. Black on white—this is the normal colour scheme, black ships on a white



ground with sails full set and the steersman's oar at the back. At times there are two ships on tossing waves, with here a large fish, half as long as one of the ships, swimming contentedly in its wake, and there some strange marine monster which the artist probably imagined to be a dolphin.

But, if you want fancy in such work, you must go to the ruins of the Baths, where several floors have been recovered, practically unimpaired. Step down into the entrance hall of the Baths and you are treading on a pattern that occupies the entire space of the hall. Once again black on white, it represents in the centre the sea-god Neptune, standing in his chariot and driving four horses, slender and equine in head and mane and prancing forelegs, but tailing off, where hind legs should have been, into the sinuous spirals of snake or mermaid. The rest of the design is filled with nymphs and mermen and with curling, curving, but most friendly-seeming monsters—the whole a riot of tossing, tumbling forms, till you are almost bewildered as you gaze down at it. Such vivacity, so strong an infusion of life into what is so often the most conventional of ornaments. Other mosaics here are of the same kind, though simpler in conception and more stereotyped. Sea-monster motifs are always prominent—a nymph on horse-back or, better still, horse-withers, or at any rate before the quadruped's anatomy tapers away into about twenty feet of boa-constrictor tail: tritons riding and driving, and, in one case at least, above these steeds and riders from the ocean, giving such an impression of rapidity with all their whirls and flourishes, there is the delightful contrast of slower movement—for example, in the man leading two wearily plodding mares, in the carriage full of citizens out for a pleasant feast-day drive, or the comic donkey-cart which quite obviously will not budge, for the animal's hind legs are set stubbornly wide apart and his master is leaning forward to coax him gently, sterner methods having apparently failed.

One final pattern remains of considerable interest. It lies in the open courtyard of one of the best preserved of Ostia's buildings. This was a large storehouse and, as can be discovered from a marble slab attached to the main door, it was the property of two freedmen from the East, Epagathus and Epaphroditus. The pattern in question has none of the life and movement previously noticed but, though intricate, is severely geometrical. In the large square to the centre is a black *Hakenkreuz* or cross with twisted arms, an exact counterpart of the Nazi symbol of to-day: and in smaller squares around it the design is many times repeated. Had one the impudence of a master propagandist, one might press tongue very firmly against cheek, and hazard the suggestion that the ancient German tribes, far from being the savages that Tacitus considered them, had actually their business representatives in Ostia. And, indeed, such a suggestion would be not a whit more

nonsensical than much of the historical reconstruction that propaganda showers upon us in these days. The symbol came, of course, from the East; and here in Ostia two Eastern warehouse proprietors used it to decorate their courtyard.

J.M.

#### ANTHOLOGIES IN WAR TIME.<sup>1</sup>

EVERYONE has been asked at some time or other the following sort of question. If you were marooned on a desert island and were allowed to have with you just one book and no more, what book would you prefer to have? The question is largely an academic one. These days, few persons are wrecked on desert islands, and the few that are, rarely have time beforehand to send a post card to the Times Book Club for their solitary volume. They must rely on what the tide is good enough to wash ashore, be it a copy of Mrs. Beeton's immortal work from the cook's galley or a half-year of Punch from the smoking-room. Had they to choose—apart, of course, from those religious-minded folk who would return the proper answer at once—they must debate the relative usefulness of single volume or anthology. The former will be more readable but you cannot go on reading it over and over again: into the latter you can dip continually. Nowadays a handful might opt for an omnibus volume of crossword puzzles but I think they would have to be disqualified.

But, if the problem of the desert island is not immediate, that of the soldier on active service most certainly is. Mr. Read, in the preface to "The Knapsack," recalls his own soldiering days during the last war and remarks that he was very conscious of the need of a book which he could carry about as part of his kit, and which would suit the various moods and circumstances of his unsettled existence. And one book, he adds, is the most that the average soldier can conveniently accommodate. "There are several famous classics—"Tristram Shandy" is the best in my own experience—which nearly supply this need; but even the best of individual books lacks the necessary variety. An anthology of some kind is, therefore, indicated, and I remember, during the last war, with what pleasure I welcomed "The Spirit of Man," the anthology by Robert Bridges which was published in 1916. The thin-paper edition of this book was thereafter my constant companion."

And now Dr. Bridges's anthology makes a renewed appearance. Compiled by a poet and critic of his eminence, it is clearly an

<sup>1</sup> (1) "The Spirit of Man." An Anthology in English and French. Selected by Robert Bridges, O.M., and first published in 1916. London: Longmans. Pp. 300. Price, 3s. 6d. n. (2) "The Knapsack." A Pocket-book of Prose and Verse. Edited by Herbert Read. London: George Routledge & Sons. Pp. x, 622. Price, 6s. n.

admirable selection—of English verse for the most part but with some prose extracts in English and a few passages, both in prose and verse, from the French. Its title, "The Spirit of Man," is no random one, for all the passages are intended to illustrate the main theme, namely, that spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life. "To put it briefly," Dr. Bridges tells us, "man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit." The reign of spirit and the spiritual here mean the rule of mind over matter and force, and have little to do directly with "spirituality" in the fully Christian sense. In fact, it might well be urged in criticism that there is not much of the directly "spiritual" or religious in the collection. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley are fully represented as are Shakespeare and Milton: of the more "interior" poets, Blake, Herbert and Hopkins have a special place. And—be it noted—Dr. Bridges did not hesitate to include the then lesser known Dolben, Hopkins and Dixon, with two of whom he had been on terms of personal friendship. From the French there are sentences of Amiel and Pascal and a few lovely *ballades* such as Villon's "Dictes-moy où, n'en quel pays," and Ronsard's "Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle."

An admirable selection but rather too serious in tone and with an undercurrent of philosophic melancholy somewhat heavy for the occasion. It rides like some stately galleon with a heavy cargo of Milton, Wordsworth and the like: there are long sections on calamity and the winter of the year, on sorrow, mortality and death, and the soldier on active service is sufficiently familiar with such themes not to need their constant reminder in his leisure moments. Man's spirit does not always brood: at times it wants to play, and it cannot play with Dr. Bridges. Mr. Read's further comments are to the point. "But even that admirable anthology had, as time went on, noticeable defects. The very highness of its purpose, its sustained tone of moral seriousness, a certain abstractness in its idealism, failed to satisfy completely the realistic standards of our daily life. I felt that I wanted, at any rate in a good part of my moods, something more objective, something more aware of material things, of flesh and blood, of action and experience."

"The Knapsack," with its more than six hundred finely-printed pages, is Mr. Read's attempt to provide what he had felt to be lacking in Dr. Bridges's work. And a most successful effort it has been. His theme—for every selection must be guided by one—is that "the love of glory, even in our materialistic age, is still the main source of virtue," and so he gives prominence to great deeds and noble characters. He adds another conviction of his own which, incidentally, enjoys more theological correctness than

his first theme, namely, "that even in action it is the virtue of humility that finally triumphs: and that this same virtue is the secret of all human happiness."

Thus are we introduced to an amazingly wide selection: from Chapman's translation of Homer's *Iliad*, from Beowulf and the "Chanson de Roland," the Chronicles of Froissart and de Joinville, from St. Augustine and Dostoievsky: we have the best of the Elizabethan lyrics and sonnets, something of the Romantics and the moderns down to T. S. Eliot and Hopkins and the Lawrences, D. H. and T. E. One long chapter of ninety pages is devoted to fine descriptive passages from the last war, among them "The Landing at V Beach," "The Battle of Jutland," and Mr. Read's own "Retreat from St. Quentin."

Every soldier, it was said, carries a Marshal's baton in his knapsack, though I imagine that the great majority of civilian soldiers make no intensive search for it. But I hope that there will be room for an anthology alongside the baton; and, if so, one of these two will serve the purpose excellently. For myself, I should choose Mr. Read's if only for the fact that it has twice as many pages and a stout cover which buttons across to protect it from jam and shaving soap. There are other reasons besides. It caters for a wider taste, has something to offer for a larger variety of moods. It was a slight *faux pas*, I think, to include an army ditty like "She was poor but she was honest": men will have enough of that and its like in canteen and barrack room. But, if a blemish, it is a minor one. "The Knapsack" deserves every commendation. May it bring distraction and real enjoyment to many a serving soldier.

In conclusion, may I give voice to two impressions of my own after dipping into these two anthologies of others: the first, that Shakespeare is incomparably the greatest of all poets, the second, that if and when I gather my own anthology—provided also that I be permitted to be my own reviewer—I shall declare it to be the best of the lot.

F.M.

### *Annunciation*

A BREATHLESS world waited upon your word,  
Looking towards Nazareth. The busy Spring  
Clothed all the earth with new-spun vesture green,  
While Gabriel entered, silent and unheard,  
Hailing your grace-filled blessedness, to bring  
The King's behest to His elected Queen.

One word you spoke. And all Creation stirred,  
Hearing the beat of Gabriel's heavenward wing,  
Telling on high the wonders earth had seen.

T.C.



## II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

**AMERICA :** Dec. 2, 1939. **One Hundred Years of Consecrated Labour**, by Father Paul L. Blakely, S.J. [Has some graphic details of the life of Theodore James Ryken, founder of the Xaverian Brothers, who entered religious life just a century ago.]

**BLACKFRIARS :** Dec., 1939. **Christian Life**, by Father Jordan Pearson, O.P. [A valuable study of asceticism as the gradual assimilation of Christ's grace and vital strength, revealing itself in the Christian's daily life.]

**CLERGY REVIEW :** Dec., 1939. **The Flight from the Cities**, by Denis Gwynn. [Includes a useful commentary upon the distribution of the Catholic population in England, and draws a parallel between the Irish immigrants of the mid-nineteenth century and Catholic children evacuated to the country to-day.]

**COMMONWEAL :** Dec. 1, 1939. **Revolution in Germany?**, by Albert Brandt. [An analysis of the various groups and trends of thought in the German Opposition with the suggestion that "more and more Germans are endorsing the monarchist principle."]

**DOCUMENTATION CATHOLIQUE :** Dec. 5—20, 1939. **Le Catholicisme et l'Armée Anglaise**. [An interesting account of Catholics in the British Army and of the situation of "les 'Tommies' catholiques" in France.]

**ÉTUDES :** Dec. 5, 1939. **Sur les Confins Mouvants de Deux Civilisations**, by Père Philippe de Régis, S.J. [A fascinating study of Eastern Poland, now in Soviet occupation, by a priest who lived and worked there from 1928 until 1933.]

**IRISH ROSARY :** Dec., 1939. **A Letter from London**, by Peter Pensive. [Containing a good deal of common sense and shrewd observation from a correspondent in war-time London.]

**PAX :** Winter, 1939. **The Dragon Legend and St. George**, by Dom Theodore Baily. [Some original comments upon the dragon associated with St. George which find his modern counterpart in the monitor lizards of the East Indies.]

**STUDIËN :** Nov., 1939. **De Engelsche Dichter Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.**, by Father W. Peters, S.J. [A well-documented appreciation of the famous Jesuit poet with an examination of the judgments of modern critics.]

**TABLET :** Dec. 16, 1939. **The Plight of Polish Catholicism**. [Comparing the anti-Catholic methods adopted in Poland by the German and Soviet invaders.]

**THOUGHT :** Dec., 1939. **Salazar's Portugal**, by António Camilo Pastor. [An admirable account of the political principles and the social achievements of the new Portugal.]

# REVIEWS

## I—BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY<sup>1</sup>

**M**R. E. H. CARR is the general editor of the Longmans' studies of foreign policy, two of which, on France and Italy respectively, we reviewed shortly before the war. For some years he was a member of the Foreign Office and he is now Professor of International Relations in the University of Wales. He is, therefore, excellently qualified to write this short account of British foreign policy during the past two decades. A brief introduction by Lord Halifax commends the volume for its presentation of the state of affairs as it was in the late spring or early summer of 1939 "with sufficient explanation and background to enable it to be understood by any British or foreign reader who will take the trouble to go a little below the surface of things." The book is no mere exposé or defence of British policy: indeed, as Lord Halifax adds, "it contains certain criticisms which are acute, if not severe, but which are always worthy of serious consideration."

In the earlier part of the book Mr. Carr has some pertinent remarks upon democracy. This he regards not as an institution but as a set of values which are not easy to define: it stands for the spirit of give-and-take; it prohibits the minority from stifling the will of the majority, but at the same time refuses to allow the majority to ride rough-shod over the minority: it stands for a close correlation of privilege and obligation, and stretches its concern for individual rights and its tolerance of individual opinions, to the utmost limits compatible with the maintenance of the community as such. This is a fair description, but he might have added that the minority will always discover ways and means of maintaining their control and that modern bureaucracy has little sympathy with the individual's rights.

To an autocratic neighbour the foreign policy of a democracy is bound to appear undecided, even weak, for the same principles of give-and-take and of toleration should make themselves evident in dealings with other countries: there will be a tendency to compromise rather than to coerce, and a particular desire to avoid war: however, in the event of war, Mr. Carr decides—I think, correctly—that democratic countries have a higher survival value than any others.

In the opening chapter are noted the great changes in the conduct of foreign affairs since 1914: vital issues are now settled by

<sup>1</sup> *Ambassadors at Large*. Vol. III. *Britain: A Study of Foreign Policy from the Versailles Treaty to the Outbreak of War*. By Professor E. H. Carr. London: Longmans. Pp. x, 196. Price, 6s. n.

peoples rather than by specialists, they have been dragged down into the arena of party controversy with the consequence that debates have become unreal and British prestige has been impaired abroad. Since 1920 there have been too many instances of "the paralysing influence on British foreign policy and British diplomacy of notorious and loudly-advertised divisions of opinion on issues of first-class importance": and out of this deadlock democracy must find a way.

Summing up the general position of this country, Mr. Carr finds that, in relation to Europe, Britain is perhaps stronger than ever; elsewhere in the world, she is weaker, relatively if not absolutely, than she was before 1918, and the factor in her relative decline is an economic one. In the Far East her position has been seriously and effectively challenged, both by Chinese nationalism and by Japan. On the other hand, her power is stronger and more secure to-day in the Middle East than it was thirty years ago.

In other sections are analysed Britain's relations with the League of Nations and with European States. From the beginning the League attempted to fulfil two different functions, namely, to preserve the *status quo* and to keep the peace. It failed because, over a long period, these two purposes cannot be treated as one and the same. What is extraordinary is that the majority of Englishmen did not understand that the League Covenant imposed on them military commitments more far-reaching than any they had undertaken hitherto, and that economic sanctions were doomed to failure unless they were ready to stiffen them with military measures.

Referring to relations with Germany, Mr. Carr points to the existence of two schools of thought: the one recommending an attitude of firmness, the other a policy of conciliation and concession; public opinion hovered between the two views: "it was perhaps the main cause of the chronic indecision and consequent bankruptcy of British policy in Central Europe after 1919 that neither view rallied sufficient support to prevail for any length of time over the other." But for all this adverse verdict which states quite plainly that Mr. Chamberlain's predecessors had "fallen between two stools," Mr. Carr is in full sympathy with the Prime Minister's actions both in September 1938 and 1939.

It is a most interesting book and a truly judicious survey of the past twenty years. With a handful of minor points one might quarrel. I do not think that pre-1914 Austria-Hungary should be associated with Czarist Russia as "resolutely hostile to democracy in all its forms"; and with the experience of the Spanish war and Communist activity in France, the suggestion that after 1929 the activities of the Comintern were thrust completely into the background, is an unfortunate one.

J.M.

2—THE WAY OF THE IRISH<sup>1</sup>

"I SHALL not, where I have power and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass where I can take notice of it." So ran the proclamation of Cromwell in Ireland, issued in one of the many unavailing and unblessed attempts to deprive the Irish people of the source of their religious comfort. Priests said Mass on the hills, in the back lanes of the towns, at early dawn, or with faces veiled, in defiance of the persecution. It is a fascinating story that is told by Father Augustine, in fuller form and with greater precision of detail than when he first published his book on the occasion of the Dublin Eucharistic Congress. A companion volume might be written on the loyalty of the Irish outside Ireland to the Mass, of the monks who in early times traversed Europe "on pilgrimage for Christ," of the labourers who were so often the original cause and main support of many of our nineteenth-century churches in England, of the exiles in Australia and America. In Sydney, it was "at the house of a stonemason named James Dempsey" that the group of Irish exiles used to meet to say the Rosary until such time as they were able to obtain a priest; and everywhere throughout the Irish *diaspora* similar stories could be told.

In telling of the *pietas Mariana Hibernica* which went with loyalty to the Mass, Dr. Helena Concannon has not used the same guiding thread of historical sequence, and the resulting work is more of a scrap-book, albeit a glorious cento, of Irish devotion to our Lady from the days of Sedulius Cælius (if he *was* an Irishman) down to the Legion of Mary in our own time. It is noteworthy, in view of recent controversy, that the attitude taken in the book to the Knock apparitions is entirely correct from the ecclesiastical point of view. Their authenticity is still *sub judice* but, meanwhile, the shrine at Knock is the scene of undoubted expressions of piety and devotion, and as such is matter for the writer. One would like to see a fuller account of the origin of the family Rosary in Ireland. Was it due to the example of Rome at the time of Lepanto, or were there earlier instances of it among the guilds or sodalities? The authorization to the Dominican Bishop of Clonfert in 1587 allowing him to start Rosary confraternities seems to support the Lepanto suggestion, but among the fragmentary records of penal times there may be earlier evidence of public recitation of the Rosary.

As a result of these centuries of devotion one would expect to see a harvest of sanctity among Irishmen, and aptly enough there

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Ireland's Loyalty to the Mass*. By Father Augustine, O.M.Cap. 2nd. edition, revised and enlarged. London: Sands & Co. Pp. 244. Price, 3s. 6d. n. (2) *The Queen of Ireland*. By Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A., D.Litt. Dublin: Gill & Sons. Pp. xxi, 369. Price, 12s. 6d. (3) *Merry in God: a Life of Father William Doyle, S.J.* London: Longmans. Pp. 326. Price, 2s. 6d. n.



are two names that come to mind, of men who in the eighties of the last century may have rubbed shoulders in the crowded streets of Dublin, Columba Marmion and William Doyle. A new life of the latter, wonderfully cheap and not just a smaller version of Professor O'Rahilly's standard work, is likely to make this Irish Jesuit still more widely known. Though it is largely written in the words of Professor O'Rahilly, much has been added to throw light on Father Doyle's schooldays and period of formation, the appendices have been put in their correct place in the narrative, and the exposition of principles of Catholic spirituality has, in view of a simpler audience, been for the most part omitted. The war-diaries are most timely, though one may hope that the present age may be spared a full appreciation of their realism; and it is to be noted that this new biography decides more fully some of the details of Father Doyle's death in Flanders. Perhaps a sentence from Dom Columba Marmion is the best summary of Father Doyle's life; "Our Lord chooses certain souls to be associated with Him in the great work of the Redemption. There are elect souls, victims of expiation and of praise. . . His delight is to be in them." Ireland, with new churches and cathedrals rising, and a new spirit of devotion, comparable to that of the days following the Confederation of Kilkenny, may rely securely on the intercession of her many heroes of times past.

J.H.C.

### 3—THE NAZARENE<sup>1</sup>

**L**IVES of Christ by rationalists or Jews are normally "offensive to pious ears" and differ only in the degree to which they offend the rightful sensibility of devout Christian believers. In recent years a considerable number of such Lives have been offered to English readers in translation, and usually they have been advertised as throwing new light on the life and character of Christ which no Christian can afford to neglect. The "new light" means, invariably, a further desupernaturalizing of the Founder of Christianity or at least a restatement of the theories and conclusions of nineteenth-century German rationalists. Even the serialization a few years ago in a London daily paper—in a bowdlerized version, I must admit—of Emil Ludwig's blasphemous caricature of Christ was praised by an Anglican Bishop, who declared that "many will be drawn into closer touch with the Divine Man by such a work."

*The Nazarene* does not profess to be a Life of Christ. It is a novel of more than seven hundred pages, partly based on the Gospels after they have been modernized by the elimination of

<sup>1</sup> *The Nazarene*. By Sholem Asch. Translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel. London: George Routledge & Sons. Pp. 722. Price, 8s. 6d. 1939.

their supernatural content. In addition, the main sources for the tale are an imaginary "Gospel of Judas" and the supposed re-incarnation of the Roman centurion and a pupil of the Rabbi Nicodemus, who give the compiler their recollections of the life and death of our Lord. The thesis which the book would establish is no unusual one among Jews, namely, that it was Pilate and the Romans, not the Jewish priests, who were opposed to Christ and secured His condemnation and death upon the Cross. Peter, Magdalene and others who are Gospel characters, appear in the novel, and the author creates fictitious incidents to supplement the Gospel record. The traditional notions of the characters of our Lord's friends, particularly that of Magdalene, are altered and distorted to suit the story. As was to be expected, our Lord's personality is without any element of the divine and even His human traits are weakened.

Nevertheless, the book is written more reverently than others of the same kind, and it is less offensive than, say, Hall Caine's still more voluminous *Life* which was composed by a professedly Christian author. The most useful and interesting elements in the book are what may be termed collateral matter which describes, presumably with accuracy, Jewish life and customs, and portrays the relations between Romans and Jews in Palestine, more particularly in Jerusalem, at the time of our Lord's public ministry.

F.W.

#### 4—CATHERINE OF ARAGON<sup>1</sup>

MRS. CLAREMONT is certainly to be congratulated on having written a fascinating work. Few Tudor biographies equal it. It is a book which holds the attention, improving as it goes on.

We are all familiar with Catherine's history, her marriage to Arthur and early widowhood, the few brief years of happiness and then the final tragedy. But few have visualized her life as a whole, and still fewer, perhaps, have realized the full depths of her tragedy and of her heroism. This is what Mrs. Claremont puts before us, and she does so in a way quite worthy of her subject. Her talent appears to greatest advantage when she describes characters: Henry VII, for example, the cold, dehumanized, unloved and unlovable skinflint; his son and successor, at first brilliant and popular, but always self-willed, ungovernable and unstable, degenerating as the years went on; the insidious, calculating, cold-blooded and vindictive Anne Boleyn, "the Lady hated by all the world": the lesser characters too, Henry's younger sister, Mary, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and many more, are all portrayed in a manner that absorbs

<sup>1</sup> *Catherine of Aragon*. By Francesca Claremont. London: Robert Hale. Price, 15s. 1939.

and stimulates. Outstanding among them is Catherine herself. She moves through the sordid story of greed and lust, every inch a queen. And, Spaniard though she was, she won the hearts of the English. Throughout the years of her troubles she only had to move through the country to find cheering crowds around her, all the more enthusiastic because Anne Boleyn, "the concubine," was so hated. Henry himself never quite lost his love for her, and certainly never lost his fear. Even when her death was near, he was too afraid of her to allow their daughter Mary to approach her, for, as he said, Catherine "was of such high courage that, with her daughter at her side, she might raise an army and make war on him with as much spirit as the Queen, her mother."

Just because this book is so excellent, we regret very much the absence of all reference to authorities. It is clear enough from the text that the author is writing from profound knowledge, but the absence of references will mean, inevitably, that scholarly circles will take it less seriously than it deserves. And the book does merit every success both as a literary work, and also because it reveals in its earliest stages the sordid and unpleasant character of the so-called English Reformation.

W.F.R.

## 5—CHRISTMAS BOOKS<sup>1</sup>

THE idea of a Christmas anthology that should be Catholic through and through, is salutary in the face of so much Saturnalian publication that is occasioned, if not caused, by the feast of Christmas. But if the book is to be a worthy collection, it must be not merely good enough to give away to a friend who is no great reader but sufficiently representative of Catholic Christmas literature as a whole, and it is hard to say whether the idea of confining the range of such a collection to the publications of a single firm is really an advantage or not. By this means many carols are excluded and such a fine poem as Ben Jonson's "Hymne on the Nativitie of my Saviour." To make room for them, one would gladly sacrifice the two extracts from a non-Catholic life of George Tyrrell which do not in any case throw much light on the theology of the Incarnation. But about the making of anthologies there can be endless disputing, and one may hope that the devoted compiler of this one may win over his English readers to the Ethiopian usage of keeping Christmas every month.

In his "Meditation on the Nativity" in the *Spiritual Exercises* St. Ignatius has an extra personage in the group round the Crib,

<sup>1</sup> (1) *A Christian's Christmas*. Edited by Lord Clonmore. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. xi, 244. Price, 7s. 6d. n. (2) *Shepherds of Bethlehem*. By Mary Winter Were. London: Sands & Co. Pp. 239. Price, 6s. n. (3) *Plays from St. Hilary*. By Bernard Walke. London: Faber & Faber. Pp. xi, 38, 44, 35 (bound together). Price, 2s. 6d. n.

a handmaid of our Lady. It is the life of such a handmaid that has been charmingly written, in the setting of the gospels, true and apocryphal, by Mary Winter Were. That the son-in-law of this handmaid should prove to be the gardener whom Mary Magdalen was looking for on the morning of the Resurrection is but one of those coincidences in which the medieval mind delighted, as when it decided that the bride at Cana had been Magdalen herself. But it seems too unlikely that Judas, the man from Kerioth, had spent his boyhood in Nazareth, as the authoress would have us imagine. In the St. Hilary Nativity play there is a similar coincidence in the presence at the Inn of "boy Simon, son of Jona, come from Galilee." But if these two works of fantasy are alike in their love of "recognition scenes," they differ in language technique. The Nativity play has most of its characters speaking in the Cornish dialect, and the same device is employed successfully in the other two plays of this volume, that of the Passion and the "Eve of All Souls." In the novel of the shepherds the conversation that occurs is in biblical English and this does not achieve quite the same impression of simplicity and humble life. Both authors write with reverence and carefully avoid any attempt at psycho-analysis, with which our neo-pagans have sought to elucidate the Gospel.

J.H.C.

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## SHORT NOTICES

### THEOLOGICAL.

**PRACTICAL Charity** (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York) is a helpful little book of considerations flowing from twenty odd verses selected from the concluding chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The Meditation would have gained by beginning a few verses earlier and so including at least a reference to the fact on which St. Paul bases his exhortation to Christian charity: "For as in one body we have many members . . . , so we being many are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another" (Rom. xii, 4—5). The newness of the doctrine of loving one's enemies is over-emphasized on p. 27. *Leviticus* contains, indeed, a penal code based on the principle "An eye for an eye"; but it also enjoins (xxiii, 4): "If thou meet thy enemy's ox or ass going astray, bring it back to him," and bids us (xix, 18) "Seek not revenge"; and some of the Romans would probably have heard of the doctrine of Socrates and of the Stoics on duties to enemies. However, this simple analysis of the remarkable pastoral chapters which conclude an Epistle known mainly for its dogmatic bearing, should be an aid in the task of bringing Christian principles into daily life.

### MORAL THEOLOGY.

The *Moral Theology* of Father Aertnys, C.S.S.R., was considered one of the best books on that subject in the nineteenth



century. Father Lehmkuhl styles it "a work, lucid, clear, in opinion moderate, and worthy of great praise." Father Damen, C.S.S.R., Professor of Moral Theology at the College of Propaganda, Rome, after the death of Father Aertnys and since the publication of the new Code of Canon Law, has re-edited the work, changing its entire presentation, greatly to the advantage of clarity and easy consultation. These two volumes, *Theologia Moralis* (Marietti: 80.00 l.), constitute the fifth edition of Father Damen's revision, enlarged, improved, brought well up to date in decisions of the Code Commission and Pontifical Documents. There is hardly a modern question that has been left undiscussed. To this particular edition have been added treatises on man's Last End, the duties of Bishops, and on the nature of Social Justice. There is a clear exposition concerning the subjection of Orientals to the Laws of the Church, the participation of Catholic missionaries in certain Chinese and Japanese rites, the causes of a Just War. The author's treatment of the sixth and ninth commandments is one of the best, clearest and most concise we know. The obligation of correcting one's neighbour who has had the misfortune to fall into materially grave sin, the question of restitution to Insurance Companies, the new notion of Common Error especially in reference to Orientals, the explanation of Catholic Action and the duty of Catholics to help in the propagation of the Faith, are a few of the many good things we may discover. One might legitimately quarrel with the contention that the hunger-strike (Vol. I, p. 407) is indirect suicide; special circumstances ought surely to be considered. In the chapter on the Apostolic Benediction with its Plenary Indulgence to be gained at the moment of death (Vol. II, p. 728 ff), the implication is that the Blessing may be given to the sick only; it would have been well to indicate the availability of the Blessing for all those who are in danger of death from any cause. The author expounds every question ably and thoroughly, giving authors' opinions where there is dispute; as has already been pointed out in former criticisms of this work, one is free to choose one's own opinion from such a variety, but one could wish that the author's own opinion were more in evidence, especially on such disputed points as Ectopic Gestation, Common Error, etc. A very full bibliography, an Index of canons cited in the work, a catalogue of Condemned Propositions, and complete alphabetical and analytical indices, make the work an extremely useful one, of great value to all students of Moral Theology. May it have the success it so justly deserves!

#### SCRIPTURAL.

In *El Salvador de los Hombres* (Buena Prensa, Mexico: 2 Vols., \$2.00), Father Eduardo Iglesias, S.J., divides St. Luke's Gospel into three parts: the first contains the Gospel of the Infancy and the manifestation of our Lord to the Jews; the second deals with

our Lord's proofs of His mission for the salvation of men; the third exposes His doctrines and teaching. In the chapters and verses the author has selected from the Gospel it is his intention to bring out and emphasize by means of a full explanatory commentary the main thesis of St. Luke. This Evangelist puts forward in an historical and practical way St. Paul's doctrine of the universality of Messianic Salvation expressed in Rom. i, 16: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel. For it is in the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, to the Jew first, and to the Greek." St. Luke's Gospel is a Gospel of mercy, of salvation, of abnegation, of prayer, of purity, and in a special sense a Gospel for women. These are the qualities this commentary endeavours to enhance. The work is not erudite in the German manner—there are no bibliographies, no mass of learned references to weigh down each page. But it is obviously the fruit of much close study, and is at times quite startlingly original. The printing, unfortunately uneven and on many pages very indistinct, spoils an otherwise admirable work.

#### DOGMATIC.

It is one of the hopeful features of contemporary Catholic literature that by its means the treasures of Christian doctrine are being made more and more available for the enrichment of personal religious life. Dogma is shown to be not merely a matter of theological speculation but the intellectual principle of a full Christian life. It is the chief merit of *Celui qui Est*, a treatise on the nature and attributes of God, by M. l'Abbé J. Raimond (Desclée: 15.00 fr.) that in his treatment metaphysics and spiritual doctrine go hand in hand. We are to be perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect. In the light of that saying of our Lord, the study of the Divine Nature is seen to be a matter of immense practical import. Man must reflect at his own level and in his own measure the Infinite Perfection of his Heavenly Father and, no less importantly, man's worship, the form and quality of his piety, must be worthy of their object. The antidote to all false and sentimental pietism is to be found in the right conception of the nature of God. Supporting this realistic and practical treatment of the subject, there is a theoretical exposition that is admirably clear and well arranged. The planning of the book (and of each section and chapter) could scarcely be bettered. With happy effect, the author draws copiously from Scripture to give body to his metaphysical speculations. On the controversies surrounding the doctrine of God's Foreknowledge and His influence on the free activity of the creature, the author takes his stand with the Predeterminists against Molinism which he is inclined to regard simply as a theological prop for Ignatian spirituality. His own spiritual preferences incline him in a different direction. However irreconcilable the rival views in theory, on the plane of practical spirituality the

differences are not, we think, so radical as the author seems to hold.

#### APOLOGETICAL.

Among the best Spanish works in defence of Catholic truth are to be numbered those of Father Nicolás Marin Negueruela. A new edition, the fifth, has recently been published of his *Lecciones de Apologética*, by the Libreria Internacional, San Sebastián (2 vols., 15.00 pesetas). The exposition is always scientific and objective, and Father Negueruela never attempts to avoid the difficulties presented to religion by a so-called "modern science." These he solves in the light of orthodox Scholastic principles, together with the rules of a saner science of which, in the words of E. Picard, "we must acknowledge the limitations and not deceive ourselves as to what we may hope from it." The work, already translated into English, Polish and Portuguese, is divided into three portions: Religión, Cristianismo, Catolicismo. In the first part, which occupies the whole of the first volume, the necessity of religion is demonstrated by means of arguments from philosophy, history and psychology. Great emphasis is laid upon the *a posteriori* proof from the comparative history of religions. In the second, Father Negueruela insists upon the moral necessity of supernatural revelation and gives in clear and concise terms the criteria such a revelation must have. The third section traces the origins and the development of Catholicism. Christ's divine plan is shown in its splendour and seen to be realized in the Catholic Church, which alone possesses those marks that proclaim it to be the extension of Christ's activity through the centuries.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL.

There is so much talk in the modern air concerning democracy that we are in sore need of an unbiased and authoritative presentation of the case *For Democracy* (B.O. & W.: 8s. 6d.). Headed by Don Luigi Sturzo, the "People and Freedom Group" have produced an attempt at such a presentation. After an introductory chapter on "What we mean by Democracy" by Miss Barbara Barclay Carter, successive writers trace the history of the democratic idea from Athens to post-War Europe. This history is necessarily sketchy and incomplete but the resulting conspectus has considerable value. Further chapters discuss the fortunes of Democracy in other social and political relationships, the essay by Don Sturzo himself on "Democracy, Authority and Liberty" in particular, being a worthy effort to wrestle with the knotty problem of the origin and limits of political authority. Inasmuch as the writers of this work are concerned to safeguard the rights of the individual against the aggression of State-power, there can be nothing but admiration for their work. But, whilst no Christian and, indeed, no humane pagan can deny the validity of the ideal of government of the people for the people, it is a moot

point how far that ideal is best realized through any existing system of government by the people. It is accepted, for instance by Miss Barclay Carter, that the ideal of a "political system based on the free and organic participation of the whole people for the common good" is not, as it stands, self-contradictory. Yet the apologists of democracy must ask themselves whether the common good is not just as likely to be achieved in some other system that lays greater emphasis upon the tradition and training that are highly desirable in the delicate task of political administration.

Father André Bremond's *Religions of Unbelief* (Coldwell: 7s. 6d.) should enhance his reputation as thinker and critic. His purpose is, negatively, to challenge the unreasonable assumptions of the rationalists that the universe is a mechanistic and closed system which neither points to, nor can be acted upon by a free and personal God; and, positively, to show that any human values which succeed in being reasons for living, involve the reality of the Christian God. Beginning with classical Greece, Father Bremond accepts (as an assumption?) that the Greek was the most perfect human culture, and proceeds to show that the alleged Greek naturalism has been greatly exaggerated, that Greek philosophy begins and ends with mysticism, that Greek drama was religious in its origin and in much of its achievement, and was more inclined to superstitious fear than to an untroubled human self-reliance, that, in fact, in much of their greatest thought and poetry the Greeks were concerned with personal salvation, and well aware that logic and "planning" are alike powerless to save. The essay on Spinoza is equally admirable, stressing the contrast between the *Ethica*, with its divine, aloof Geometer, and the humility and "almost religious" enthusiasm of the *Short Treatise*. The middle chapters, though not without apologetic value, provide poor sport. Proceeding directly from Spinoza to Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells, Father Bremond approaches their "theologies" with just the same gravity (remembering, no doubt, that Russell is co-author of *Principia Mathematica*) and argues with them in all solemnity; but to the professional and discreet soundings of the *haute philosophie* the adolescent rhetoric that limned *A Free Man's Worship* and *The Invisible King* naturally fails to yield any positive reaction. The subsequent attempt to present briefly the gist of the religious thought of A. E. Taylor and W. E. Hocking fails, from being too compressed, to be cogent or altogether clear; *The Faith of a Moralist* is one of those completely successful books that inevitably elude the technique of the "Digest." But ch. vii, on the Eternal in history, returns to the earlier level, and pp. 135—140 are the best in a good book.

#### HOMILETICAL.

Through the four sections of Dr. Leen's *The Church before Pilate* (The Preservation Press, Maryland: \$1.00) the Church is



placed upon her trial. The first two sections deal with the Church in her external relations, the second two—much the best—with her inner life. The discussion opens with a note on the nature of paradox, a device that Dr. Leen uses freely, and often aptly. But the strangest paradox of the book is that a writer of such established reputation can produce, side by side with pithy sentences, passages that are irritatingly obscure and involved. He can be stimulating at times and yet can hurry on to an argument loosely and vaguely presented. Communism is dealt with rhetorically and at some length, in the chapter on Church and State: but Nazi Germany is accorded one sentence, and of Fascism we are told in three sentences little more than that it is the arch-enemy of the Russian heresy. An attempt is made to strengthen an argument by noting that the Semitic word "Hefesh" can be translated indifferently as "life" or "happiness," but there appears to be no warrant for the second rendering. The measure of the disciples' desertion is exaggerated (pp. 9—10), for St. Luke tells us (xxiii, 49) that "omnes noti ejus" were at least within sight of Calvary at the end; there was perhaps not much point, even had it been possible, in their coming closer. Finally, in the quotation of the last stanza of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" we find both sense and rhyme destroyed by five errors in the six lines.

#### HISTORICAL.

In a slender volume with the title **A Map of Old English Monasteries: 400—1066** (Cornell University Press: Humphrey Milford, London), Miss Alice Ryan carries further the admirable work with which we are already familiar from the Ordnance Survey Map of Roman Britain and of Britain in the Dark Ages. Her authorities are contemporary ecclesiastical sources: in particular she makes use of Birch's *Cartularium Saxonicum*. Her work is described as "a preliminary exercise for the study of communications, especially of Christian communications in the Old English period." The map confirms the truth that the Saxons made little use of the old Roman roads. A traveller along Watling Street, from London to Chester, would pass no religious house except at St. Alban's: if he went by the Fosse Way from Cirencester to Lincoln, he would find only that of Leicester. Along Ermine Street, from London to York, there was merely the convent of Castor in Northamptonshire. The map shows also how early the old saying was verified—"as sure as God's in Gloucestershire"—for Gloucester, Winchcombe and Cirencester had already religious foundations: and Pershore and Worcester were not far away. At this early date no other district can boast so wealthy an array of ecclesiastical houses.

#### SOCIOLOGICAL.

Catholics in Mexico are fortunate in having at the present time books like **Catolicismo y Comunismo** ("Polis," Mexico City: 3.50 Mexican dollars, 0.97 American dollars), by E. Iglesias, S.J.

The book originated as a series of conferences and provides a very compact sociological *Summa Contra Gentes*. The style and treatment are characterized by a clarity that a Frenchman might envy, and the orderly arrangement makes for convenient reference. Among the most valuable parts are the scientific analysis and refutation of Marxism and its main theories—materialist conception of history, theory of value, denial of the right of private property. The essentially atheistic and immoral nature of the Marxist programme is well brought out, and this not only in theory. The major part of the book deals with the Catholic social teaching, presented to us as a well-articulated synthesis, based on sound economics as well as Christian ethics. There is a thorough treatment of all the Catholic theses of sociology familiar to students of "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno." The author, we notice, does not go so far as do most Catholic moralists in insisting on the family living wage as due in strict, commutative justice. Moreover, the account of social justice is not quite satisfactory, but no doubt this is because the definition and scope of that virtue is one of the points of Catholic sociology that await final settlement.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

In Blavatsky, Besant & Co. (Coldwell: 4s. n.) Mr. T. M. Francis bounces his reader at high speed past the outstanding features in the history of the Theosophical Society founded by Madame Blavatsky. After reading the one hundred and eleven pages of this little book one has much the same breathless impression as a tourist must have, who has just "done" the Continent in a few days. It must be granted, however, that the author, in spite of the smallness of space and the wealth of material, succeeds in illustrating most convincingly the aptness of his subsidiary title: The "Story of a Great Anti-Christian Fraud."

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

*Paul and the Crucified.* By Father William J. McGarry, S.J. Pp. xx, 272. Price, \$3.00.

ÉDITIONS DE LA CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE, Brussels.

*La Messe Romaine.* By L. Caron. Pp. 100.

ÉDITIONS SPES, Paris.

*Le Renouveau Marial dans la Littérature Française depuis Chateaubriand jusqu'à nos Jours.* By Sœur Paul-Émile. Pp. 260. Price, 18.00 fr.

IRISH MESSENGER OFFICE, Dublin.

*Irish Jesuit Directory and Year Book for 1940.* Pp. 204. Price, 1s.

KENEDY & SONS, New York.

*Lyric Poems.* By William Thomas Walsh. Pp. xi, 139. Price, \$1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London.

*A War-Time Prayer Book.* New Edition. By Robert Hugh Benson. Pp. 95, Price, 2s. 6d. *The Love of God.* By Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B. Pp. xx, 252. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The Spirit of Man.* An anthology collected by Robert Bridges, O.M. Pp. 300. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

RICH & COWAN, London.

*Letters from their Aunts.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. vii, 117. Price, 3s. 6d. n.